

FRANK LESLIE'S LESLIE'S WEEKLY NATION



NEWSPAPER

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MARYLAND.—THE ORIOLE FESTIVAL IN BALTIMORE, SEPT. 12TH-14TH—LANDING OF LORD BALTIMORE ON THE MORNING OF THE 13TH.
FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 77.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 23, 1882.

\$500 REWARD

INFORMATION reaches us from nearly every State of the Union that agents claiming to represent the PUBLISHING HOUSE OF FRANK LESLIE, and the firm of "Frank Leslie & Co." are collecting subscriptions for various publications. In some cases these agents, as if to emphasize their claims, use a stamp in signing the name of "Frank Leslie" to their receipts. We again distinctly warn the public that the PUBLISHING HOUSE OF FRANK LESLIE (of which Mrs. Leslie is the sole proprietor) has no traveling agents or representatives, and that there is no such firm in this city as "Frank Leslie & Co." All persons using the name of the FRANK LESLIE PUBLISHING HOUSE, under any modification or in any form whatever, in the business of soliciting subscriptions, are impostors, and as such liable to punishment. We will pay a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of any person thus fraudulently claiming to represent this House. The public should understand that the only genuine Frank Leslie publications are issued from 63, 55 and 57 Park Place, and that all so-called Frank Leslie publications represented by traveling agents are counterfeits.

THE ANTI-MONOPOLISTS.

THE folly of disregarding Talleyrand's saying condemnatory of "too much zeal" has seldom been more strikingly exemplified than in the series of intemperate resolutions adopted by the Anti-Monopolist Convention lately held at Saratoga. No one questions the fact that the wrongs arising from the audacious encroachments on the rights of the people by railroad, telegraph and petroleum companies are of a serious kind, and that if proper action is not taken in the premises the most momentous results are yet to come. Nor will any one who has given the subject proper consideration doubt that the canals should be free, especially those of this State, or that any action which may tend to increase competition in the transportation of merchandise in all sections of the country should be encouraged and aided in every proper way. Neither should the public lands be squandered in gifts to railroad companies; and combinations of speculators made to advance the prices of the necessities of life merit all the condemnation that they receive. The expediency of employing prison labor to the detriment of the honest and needy laboring classes may be seriously doubted.

But what are we to think of the senseless tirade against the National Banks? "Speak well of the bridge that carries you safe over" is a good rule. Our national banking system was a war measure, it is true, but it is one that has never been excelled anywhere else in the world; it took our bonds, it furnished us with money when the fortunes of the Republic seemed gloomy enough; and it is not too much to say that to it we are in no small degree indebted for the stability of the Federal Government to-day. Moreover, the system is anything but a monopoly. If no better proof of this fact existed, it would be sufficient to point to the large increase in the number of State banks all over the country within a few years, the taxation on bank capital being such that capitalists prefer to dispense with the issuing of circulating notes. The National Bank Act provides that banks coming under its provisions may be established with as small a sum as \$50,000, a fact which stands as additional proof that the present Federal banking system is not a monopoly. Again, the ablest financiers are by no means agreed as to the feasibility or desirability of the Government's issuing all the money to be used in the internal and foreign trade. It should supervise its issue certainly, but to become responsible for all of it is a very different matter.

In dealing with the question of corporations the wisest course is to present it to the people in a perfectly fair and dispassionate way. Let the simple truth be told, and then let the people pass judgment thereon. Demagogues may deceive them for a time, and reap a certain advantage from their ignorance or indifference; but no one will question the truth of the saying of Martin Van Buren, that "the sober second thought of the people is never wrong and is always efficient." Corporations, it is well to remember, are not in themselves objectionable. Kept within their proper limits, they are, in fact, quite the reverse. It is only when they overstep their rightful bounds that they merit reprobation; it is only when they seek to crush all competition and appropriate to themselves the benefits which should inure to all honest competitors that they are to be condemned. Another suggestion—namely, that the Government should acquire and manage the telegraph lines of the country—is certain to meet with dissent among the Anti-Monopolists themselves. Recruits from the Democratic Party, for instance, will see in this another step towards the dreaded centralization of power at Washington. But this whole question of monopolies might better

be agitated as a matter for the consideration of the people and its proper application within one or the other of the two great parties, rather than as a foundation for a new political organization. It is certain to be taken up, at all events, by either the Democrats or the Republicans once the people are thoroughly aroused. It has a basis of undoubted right, and as surely as Abolition succeeded, just so surely will whatever is reasonable in the present movement succeed in due time. It is not at all agreeable to be obliged to admit that the assertion of Herbert Spencer that this country, notwithstanding its boasted freedom, was practically in the power of the political class—the class that monopolists too often purchase outright—has a large grain of truth; and it is to be hoped that the political atmosphere may ere long be so cleared that every just grievance of the people shall be righted and the nation allowed to pursue its wonderful course of social and industrial development without hindrance of any sort.

THE STAR ROUTE VERDICT.

THE result of the Star Route trial must tend to shake the popular faith in the requirement of the unanimous vote of twelve men to convict a criminal or to determine civil rights. A President of the United States may be convicted of high crimes and misdemeanors, on impeachment, by a vote of two-thirds of the Senate. The title to the office of President was decided by the famous vote of eight to seven. A bare majority of a court of last resort may decide a writ of error in a case of life and death. In old times a verdict was sometimes taken from eleven if they agreed, and the refractory juror was committed to prison. Jeremy Bentham wrote a book on "The art of packing, as applied to special juries," and denounced the requirement of unanimity as absurd in an enlightened age. And Hallam called it "a preposterous relic of barbarism." Yet now, after a trial of many weeks at the capital where the question was whether five men had conspired to defraud the Government, twelve jurors decided that there was a conspiracy, and that two, who were apparently the mere tools of the others, were guilty, but because two or three failed to agree as to the principals, the result is a mistrial, and, indeed, a legal farce. It almost leads us to look with favor on the action of the English court in the time of Edward III., which held that a verdict by less than twelve was a nullity, but added that the judges of assize ought to carry the jury about with them in cart until they agreed. Our people are justly jealous of any invasion of the right of trial by jury, and tolerant of any vagaries of the jury-box. A unanimous verdict, however, apparently strange, is accepted as final, and we are slow to impute bad motives. But here it is unanimous as to the crime, and also so as to all the persons charged. The evidence has satisfied the larger jury of the country. The opinion of an upright judge is manifest. The secretary and servant of the alleged master-spirit of the conspiracy is actually convicted. And yet the three men who organized the conspiracy, if there was one, and without whom it would have been futile, stand unconvicted, and the machinery by which we try to deal out justice to criminals must be set in motion again—if, indeed, it shall not be found too cumbersome and complicated to work at all.

The most painful feature in the whole matter is the element of corruption alleged on both sides. The system invites corruption. If rich and able men can conspire to plunder a Government of vast sums, and then use a part of their spoils to secure immunity by simply buying one man's vote, the temptation is too great, at least for that sort of human nature, and where the men to be purchased move freely about for weeks amidst the wiles of the tempters, the opportunity is irresistible, and the transaction is easy.

In this case, however, it assumes a new shape. The foreman of the jury, whose action seems to have been long foretold by a shrewd observer, boldly asserts that the attempt to bribe him was to convict and not to acquit—and not by the conspirator, evading justice, but by the majesty of justice itself, to condemn unjustly. He proclaims that an officer of the Attorney-general offered \$25,000 for his vote. This charge is too astounding for belief. It suggests the old dodge of the robber running with the cry of "Stop thief!" The criminal, gorged with his ill-gotten gains, may pay one man his price and he is done with it. If his man sells himself he is safe; but the Attorney-general may have to buy the whole twelve.

Yet the charge is so explicit, and the whole atmosphere of this trial reeks so foully of corruption, that the duty of the Government is plain—to probe the whole matter to the bottom, and to push on the trials till we know just who did contrive this crime, which was in fact committed, as all twelve of this jury have declared. The country will learn with pleasure that the second trial of the accused will com-

mence not later than the first Monday in December, and that Judge Wylie will again preside.

THE EGYPTIAN COLLAPSE.

THE rebellion in Egypt has collapsed, and the war is virtually ended. The downfall of the movement was sudden and complete. General Wolseley's forces attacked the enemy in front of Tel-el-Kebir early in the morning of September 13th, and before nightfall of the following day the English army, after routing the Egyptians at every intermediate point, had entered Cairo, occupied the capital of the country, and captured Arabi himself. So rapid was their advance that no time was left for the threatened destruction of the ancient city, and its priceless treasures happily escaped the fate which befell Alexandria at the hands of the defeated Egyptians. Indeed, so sudden and complete was the change of public sentiment when the failure of the rebellion became known in Cairo that Arabi was stoned by the populace, while even his late partisans among the Notables and Ulemas participated in a meeting which adopted an address pledging loyalty and submission to the Khedive. At the same time the Egyptian forces below Alexandria were offering to surrender, so that the war at the last came to an end almost in a day.

The exasperating delays which followed the change of base to the Suez Canal will now be forgotten, and the splendid success of General Wolseley's campaign will confound the critics of details. The good fortune which has always marked his military career was never more signally illustrated, and reinforcing, as it does, a masterly command of the situation, and fertility of resources, makes him one of the most successful of modern generals. For a commander to leave home on an expedition to a distant country with a plan of campaign so thoroughly perfected that he had fixed the point of the decisive battle and the date of its occurrence, is probably unprecedented, yet the event fully justified General Wolseley's assurance to his superiors before he sailed from England six weeks ago that he would attack Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir by the 15th of September. The success of the campaign cannot fail to raise the prestige of English generalship and English troops.

The final collapse of the rebellion was so sudden that Europe was taken somewhat by surprise, and for two or three days no sign came from any Continental power beyond the hearty congratulations which France was prompt to offer to England. But the further action of the victors will be watched with the keenest attention by all Europe, and the Great Powers will undoubtedly insist upon their right to be consulted in the disposition of the conquered country. Mr. Gladstone has given no hint of his purposes since his assurances several weeks ago that England cherished no purpose of annexation or conquest, but a strong party among his countrymen will insist that the nation must be compensated for its loss of blood and treasure. The contest of diplomacy must now succeed that of arms, and its progress will engage the eager interest of the civilized world.

THE MAINE ELECTION.

THE Fusion organization which for a time dominated the State of Maine received its deathblow in the election of last week. The Republicans elected their Governor and all their Congressmen by some 8,000 majority, and obtained a large majority in both branches of the Legislature, thus securing the return of Mr. Frye to the United States Senate. The result can scarcely fail to afford genuine satisfaction to right-thinking men of all parties. The alliance between the Democrats and Green-backers of Maine has been utterly unprincipled and corrupt from the beginning, and its temporary triumph was a disgrace to the State and discreditable to the country. That such a shameless combination, mocking at principle, could succeed in any commonwealth claiming ordinary intelligence, argued a degree of political depravity altogether incompatible with the safety of good institutions, and it is not surprising that, as the full significance of the triumph of three years ago came to be understood, the better class of men who had been beguiled into the Fusion scheme made haste to stamp it with their disapproval. The returns leave no doubt that many of this class voted with the Republicans, the honest and sincere Democrats manifesting especial earnestness in their hostility to the Garcon-Plaisted candidates for Legislative honors. As a result of this emphatic action, the Republicans have a larger majority on Legislative joint ballot than they have had for ten years.

It is quite safe to say that the Fusion organization will never again occupy a place of any importance in the politics of the country. Maine has decreed, just as every other State has done, that there is no room for it—that there is no justification

for its existence—in the political field. With the quickening of the public conscience and the growth of independent thinking among the people, no party can stand which is indifferent to the claims of principle, or consents to the sacrifice of living ideas for the sake of petty partisan gains. It is to be hoped that the Republican and Democratic Parties, both of which are mired in the quicksands of uncertain policies, may lay to heart this lesson of the Maine election, and henceforth make their appeals to the people from a higher plane than they have for a long time occupied.

HOW TO SAVE NIAGARA FALLS.

THE American people have cause for keen self-reproach in the fact that the sublimest natural phenomenon of the New World has been so long vulgarized and degraded, as to its surroundings, by the mercenary hand of man. The process of deterioration, which began long ago, is still going on, and will go on until the people arise in indignation majesty and command a halt. The temple at Jerusalem did not more need to be rescued from the profane hands which had made it "a den of thieves" than the great cataract of Niagara needs to be wrenches from the debasing clutch of the harpies who are making it tributary to their own vulgar greed. The place which should inspire a deeper reverence than is felt for any cathedral or religious shrine has become an arena for the extorter and the harlequin. The trivial, tawdry and senseless curiosity-shops and other excrescences that line the approaches to the Falls resemble nothing but the usual environments of a circus or the hopelessly littered suburbs of a mining gulch in Arizona. The mills of one sort and another that disfigure the American bank, however useful in themselves, have no right to be in such a place. To cut away noble trees and their interlacing vines near the Falls to make room for such structures is a profanation that should not be longer tolerated. It is necessary to utilize the water-power of Niagara, it will not be found very difficult or expensive to do so by drawing the water away through canals to places where the mills would not be an excrescence such as they are now.

It gives us pleasure to say that the movement to arrest this work of spoliation, which originated some time ago, and of which Mr. Frederick Law Olmstead and Professor Charles Elliot Norton are conspicuous leaders, is rapidly gathering strength. A short time ago a competent agent was sent by these gentlemen and their associates to make a careful observation of the state of things at the Falls. His letters in the Boston *Advertiser* and the New York *Evening Post* deserve the widest circulation. They not only depict the existing evil, but point the way to the true remedy, which is to be sought not alone in private enterprise, but in the public ownership of the Falls and their surroundings, either by the United States or the State of New York. Private enterprise, unchecked by public sentiment, has wrought the spoliation in view of which every American citizen may well blush, and, left to itself, will only aggravate the evil. One million of dollars added to the appropriations of the River and Harbor Bill for this great national object would have served to mitigate somewhat the public indignation which that Bill, by its reckless and foolish extravagance, has excited. That sum would have sufficed to purchase the land around the Falls and clear it of the excrescences by which it is now so much disfigured. If this were once accomplished, the means necessary for a fitting embellishment of this grand work of nature would, no doubt, be furnished by private munificence. It is a shame for Congress, while wasting the money of the people in promoting scow navigation on scores of shallow creeks, to plead constitutional scruples when a great public work of this sort is proposed. We have the utmost respect for those who would guard the Constitution from infraction by unwarranted appropriations; but we insist that this is an object of national concern as well as of exceptional importance, and that the most zealous strict constructionist may, with perfect consistency, treat it as such. Jefferson was the father of strict construction, but he did not hesitate to purchase Louisiana, though he confessed that the measure was distinctly unauthorized by no provision of the Constitution. There are powers, not easily defined, which inhere in the very substratum of governments, of whatever form, and for the exercise of which a sound common sense is the only and sufficient warrant. To deny this is to sanction the folly of President Buchanan, who could find no specific warrant in the Constitution for protecting the Government against armed rebellion.

We trust that those who have undertaken the work of rescuing from defilement the setting which Nature provided for her own great masterpiece at Niagara will be discouraged neither by the opposition nor mercenary men, nor the careless indifference of the people. A public sentiment will yet be

formed and crystallized that will insure the consummation of this great national enterprise.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE downfall of the rebellion in Egypt has overshadowed all other topics in England, but the approaching reassembling of Parliament is beginning to be talked about. Several changes in the Cabinet are expected to occur, among them the promotion of Sir Charles Dilke, present Under Foreign Secretary, and the transfer of Mr. Childer from the War Secretaryship to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. The first execution under the Prevention of Crimes Act in Ireland occurred at Limerick, September 11th, when Francis Hynes was hanged for the murder of a herdsman on the farm from which he had been evicted. Boycotting has taken on a new phase. Clifford Lloyd, the magistrate who made himself so obnoxious during the recent constabulary troubles, made a subscription to the Limerick races, and upon its acceptance notice was served that good Irishmen must keep away from the gathering, and letters were sent to owners warning them that, if they ran their horses, they would be killed. Messrs. Parnell, Davitt, Dillon and Brennan have decided to hold a conference in the Autumn in order to establish a national movement, in which the various organizations now operating separately will be consolidated upon a platform of national self-government, the abolition of landlordism, the promotion of home industries, the rights of labor and paid representation in Parliament.

The oft-deferred coronation of the Czar of Russia has been again postponed, a council of ministers having decided that the ceremony must be put off until next year, in consequence of numerous revolutionary indications discovered by the Moscow police as the preparation progressed. The Empress wanted it to occur on September 17th, the anniversary of her arrival in Russia, and the ministers agreed, provided the Governor-general of Moscow thought best; but his information was so unfavorable that postponement was determined on. This decision will naturally strengthen the party of the Grand Duke Constantine, which bases its hopes on the theory that a Russian sovereign is not really an Emperor until he is crowned, and that the people should depose the prince who refuses to submit to the ceremony. The ministers seek to mitigate the effect of the postponement by advising the Emperor and Empress to pay a private visit to the capital before long. The 11th instant was a feast day, and the Emperor celebrated it by visiting a St. Petersburg church with his family, driving in an open carriage without escort and being received with enthusiasm by the crowds assembled.

There has been more fighting in Tunis, an engagement having occurred near Kairouan, in which the French lost fifty killed and the Arabs a hundred and fifty. A French council of war, held at Tunis, has sentenced an Italian who attacked a French soldier to a year's imprisonment, which has caused great excitement in the Italian colony there. The relations between France and Italy were already strained, and this conflict of jurisdiction is therefore a rather serious matter.—The troubles between Greece and Turkey over the frontier question are not yet settled, and Greece still threatens to resume hostilities unless the Porte surrenders all the points in dispute.—The Chinese authorities have intervened boldly in Corea, having reinstated the King by Chinese troops and ships and carried off his father, who led the insurrection, to China.

CALIFORNIA has practically abolished capital punishment without knowing it. Some years ago juries in capital cases in returning verdicts of murder in the first degree were given the privilege of stipulating that the penalty should be imprisonment for life, instead of hanging. Experience has shown that a jury enjoying this discretion will scarcely ever fail to employ it, so that the gallows threatens to fall entirely into disuse. The new system has not yet been in operation long enough to show whether it will tend to repress or encourage murder, but the opponents of capital punishment claim that a larger proportion of murder trials now result in conviction, and the consequent lifelong imprisonment of the criminal, than when the juries, having no choice short of hanging, were persuaded into too frequent acquittals.

MR. JAY HUBBELL, who has been conspicuous as the chief of the gang of political bandits who have spoiled the employees of the Government for the benefit of a campaign fund, has not only failed to receive a renomination to the House of Representatives, but has so far lost his hold upon his constituents as to have no chance whatever for the succession to Ferry's seat in the Senate, to which he aspires. Nobody who believes in decency in politics will regret the collapse of Mr. Hubbell's ambitious schemes. He has done more than any man in the country to put contempt upon the popular demand for a reform of the civil service and bring the dominant party into disrepute, and his relegation to the obscurity of private life will be a punishment only less severe than it should be for his offenses against political purity and individual independence.

THE Woman's Rights movement makes progress abroad as well as in this country, and has been advanced a long stage in Great Britain through the passage by Parliament, in the closing days of the last session, of the Married Women's Property Bill. This measure secures to the wife as her separate estate all the property which she possesses when mar-

ried or may acquire afterwards, while in return she is held liable for her own debts and may be sued like a single woman. This eminently just reform will prove a special godsend to the workingwomen whose dissolute husbands have hitherto been sustained by the law in claiming all the hard earnings of their wretched wives, and while the passage of the Bill did not attract much attention in a nation intent upon the Irish and Egyptian problems, it is one of the most important acts which Parliament has passed of late years.

THE Tariff Commission are still on their travels, and were in the Northwest last week. They have visited many of the leading cities, and a number of manufacturers have appeared before them to suggest changes in the duties which would be for their advantage, but there has been a woeful lack of public interest in the proceedings. In some places the indifference even among manufacturers was so great that the Commissioners had scarcely any attendants at their meetings, and some of the members have been unable to conceal their chagrin. The failure of the scheme is not at all surprising, for its advocates virtually confessed beforehand that its chief object was to defer tariff reform, and the one-sided character of the Commission selected removed the last chance of hopeful results from its labors.

SETH LOW, the young and business-like Mayor of Brooklyn, continues to justify the confidence which his fellow-citizens reposed in him when they made him their Chief Magistrate. A few days ago he issued a brief and pithy circular to the heads of all the municipal departments, in which he requested them to inform their employés that their salaries are intended to compensate them for faithful service to the city, and that if they fail in this, no amount of contributions for party purposes will avail them, while, on the other hand, a refusal to contribute will not imperil their situations. "In other words," says the Mayor, "they are in the same condition in that particular as the employés of a commercial firm," and he concludes by telling the heads of departments that he looks to them to protect their employés in this respect. This is honest, manly and right, and, best of all, everybody knows that Mr. Low means every word he says.

THE recent severe earthquakes in Panama turn out to have been quite disastrous to the Canal scheme, for they ruined all the bridges and did other damage to the line of the Panama railroad, which M. de Lesseps had just bought at an extraordinarily high price. By a curious coincidence the news of the destruction of the road was received in Europe on the very day when the bonds of the Canal Company, issued to raise the purchase-money, were sold in Paris. Fortunately for De Lesseps, the rush for these bonds was so great that they were all taken up at once, and as many more would have been required to meet the demand. The venerable but lively engineer seems to have infected his countrymen with his own boundless enthusiasm over the project, and while the early completion of the Canal appears to Americans less and less likely every year, the volatile French not only believe in its success, but show no hesitation about furnishing all the funds the managers call for.

THE color line occasionally projects itself in the public schools, and becomes a disturbing element. East St. Louis was greatly excited for several days last week over the refusal of the colored people to send their children to the separate schools which the school board had provided, and their attempt to keep them with the white boys and girls. A number of street fights occurred, and there was so much disturbance that the schools were closed for a day or two, but the negroes finally yielded, and accepted the separate system. On the other hand, Cleveland has this Fall, for the first time, admitted colored pupils to the schools on the same basis as white children, and the change caused scarcely a ripple of excitement. The question appears to be one which must be decided by each locality for itself, according to the plane of public sentiment, and the negroes can comfort themselves for occasional rebuffs by the steady progress they are making towards an equal footing with the whites.

SCANDALS in the administration of penal and charitable institutions are unhappily no novelty. Wherever there is any remissness in the careful oversight, always required, of such institutions, abuses are almost sure to develop. Shocking charges have recently been brought against the management of the Ohio State Prison. The labor of the convicts is sold to contractors, who, of course, want to get the greatest possible amount of work out of the men; and it is asserted that the prisoners are punished most cruelly for any failure to complete their tasks. The brutal shower-bath is in daily use, and the terrors of the penalties inflicted are so great that it is said to be no uncommon thing for men to maim themselves for life in order to escape the iron rule to which they are subjected. The charges are made with so much particularity that it seems as though they must have some foundation, and the fair fame of the Buckeye State will suffer unless a reform is promptly instituted.

THE Republican Party has been called the party of "great moral ideas." There was a time when this characterization was a truthful one; but so sadly has the party deteriorated that the application of such a definition in these days would be simply ridiculous. Down in South Carolina its attachment to "high moral ideas" is illustrated by the endorsement

of Colonel Cash, the notorious duelist, as a candidate for Congress, and by committing itself to the support of the Greenback-Labor ticket for State officers while denouncing the financial principles of the Greenback Party! In several other States, it has just demonstrated its zeal for morality by renominating Representatives who were conspicuous in supporting the River and Harbor steal and other jobs at the last session of Congress. It cannot be said that the Democratic Party is in any sense more elevated in tone than the Republicans, but then that party has not latterly made any pretensions to special respectability of character.

THE institution of coroner's inquests is one of such venerable antiquity that the public has been somewhat slow in awaking to a realizing sense of the absurdities and scandals which have come to characterize it, especially in our larger cities. Some conspicuous illustrations of this tendency, which have recently been presented in New York, are provoking a loud call for the abolition of the ancient system. This step has already been taken by Massachusetts, which about five years ago provided for the holding of inquests by medical examiners appointed by the Governor for terms of seven years, and in case such an examination indicates that a crime had been committed, the further inquiry is taken up by the officers of the law. This system has put an effectual end to the quarrels between coroners over the possession of cases, and the conflicts between coroners and police which formerly disgraced the Bay State, as they still do so many other commonwealths, and the example is one which deserves general imitation. An amendment to the Constitution will be required to effect the change in New York, but its advantages are so manifest that they should enlist a sentiment strong enough to secure the reform.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY McKEON continues to wage war upon the lottery swindlers who infest New York city. The wisdom of his course in invoking the assistance of a private detective agency when he determined to make arrests a month ago has been fully vindicated by the inaction of the police in the meanwhile, which has led to a revival of the nefarious traffic in the most open manner. If any doubt had before existed as to the connivance of the police with these swindlers, it must have been dispelled by the shamelessness with which they have thus proclaimed the partnership, which has long been suspected, between the law-breakers and the guardians of the law. It is now quite evident that no help can be expected from the police department in the work of breaking up this most demoralizing form of gambling, and it is most fortunate for the city that it possesses in the present District Attorney an official who means to enforce the law, even if he is denied the help he ought to receive from another branch of the city government. Mr. McKeon made brave promises, as a candidate, of his purpose to pursue offenders without fear or favor, and he is keeping his promises as an official in the face of many obstacles and difficulties.

THE result of the International Military Rifle match last week was no surprise to the public, which had so generally expected the victory of the British team that less interest was taken in the contest than in previous encounters between marksmen of the two nations. It is always easy enough to find excuses for a defeat, but the real explanation in this case consisted in the simple fact that the Englishmen were the better men. It is not strange that the visiting team should have shown a higher average than the home one, for it was the pick of the almost 200,000 men in the British volunteers, while only two or three States competed for places on the American team. The visitors also profited by their long practice with the same weapon, while the members of our National Guard in the various States use different arms and ammunition. That under such circumstances the British team should have scored 1,975 points against but 1,805 for the Americans is not remarkable, nor so discreditable to the vanquished, as might appear at the first blush. The defeat was accepted with the better humor because the last time a British team came over it was beaten, and the Americans will do their best to turn the tables at the next contest, which will come off at Wimbledon next year.

PEOPLE who find their nerves rasped and their slumbers disturbed by the ringing of bells and the screeching of whistles, will be interested in a recent decision by the Massachusetts Supreme Court. An immense bell was placed on a wooden mill in Plymouth and was rung several times every day, to summon and dismiss the operatives, its terrible clangor beginning at the unearthly hour of five o'clock in the morning and breaking forth at intervals until far into the evening. A number of the neighbors, finding life a burden under such an infliction, complained that the bell was a nuisance, which injured their property and destroyed their comfort, and appealed to the courts for its abatement. The case was carried to the highest tribunal in the State, and the full Bench has decided that the plaintiffs are fully entitled to an injunction against the ringing of the bell. This decision is in the line of common sense, and may well encourage sufferers by similar nuisances in other places to try the virtue of an appeal to the courts. In these days of almost universal watches and clocks there is no excuse for disturbing a whole community to announce the hour when every manufactory begins and stops work, and if the owners will not voluntarily abolish their whistles and bells, the law should be invoked to make them.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A LATE report shows that the crops in Canada are not so good as those of preceding years.

THE Democrats of Nebraska have nominated J. Sterling Morton for Governor, with a full State ticket.

GENERAL BUTLER announced that he will accept the Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts.

FOURTEEN persons were drowned by the upsetting of a yacht on Lake Winnipesaukee, N. H., on the 14th instant.

A SON of Bishop Wiley, of the M. E. Church, was burned to death by a fire in a Cincinnati oil house on the 15th instant.

THE New York State Labor Convention, held at Buffalo last week, decided that it was inexpedient to nominate a State ticket.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR last week visited Bangor, Portsmouth, and other points in New England, and subsequently returned to New York.

THERE were 139 failures in the United States during the past week, 18 more than in the preceding week, and 51 more than in the corresponding week of last year.

HON. FRANK HISCOCK has been renominated for Congress in the Twenty-fifth New York District. Ex-Secretary Robeson has been renominated in the First New Jersey District.

SHERIFF COTTS and Deputy Sheriff Conway, of Chattanooga, Tenn., while taking some prisoners to Knoxville last week, were shot dead by friends of the prisoners, who then escaped.

THE Chicago Packing and Provision Company has brought suit against three men who are charged with having formed a conspiracy in 1879 and stolen since then over \$500,000 worth of hogs.

IT is officially stated that the value of the exports of petroleum and petroleum products for the seven months ending with July last was \$27,247,416, as against \$24,227,801 for the same period last year.

ONE hundred and seventy-eight students entered Princeton College at the reopening last week. Among the students entering Lane Seminary, at Cincinnati, at the opening of the annual session, were four Chinese.

IN one day last week the Grand Jury in New York city found fifty-four indictments against violations of the lottery laws—forty-four for policy selling, five for pool selling and five for maintaining gambling-houses.

A REUNION of veterans of the late war was held at Laconia, N. H., last week, General Sherman making the speech of the day. At a reunion at Topeka, Kansas, on the 15th instant, 15,000 veterans were addressed by ex-Senator Blaine.

THE yellow fever at Brownsville, Texas, appears to be under control, and the disease is diminishing at Matamoras, Mexico, but cases are occurring at many ranches along the Rio Grande. The fever continues to rage in Pensacola, Fla. and destitution and suffering are on the increase.

THE American Woman's Suffrage Association held its annual meeting at Omaha, Neb., last week, sixty-eight delegates being present from twelve States and Territories. It was voted to make an active campaign in Nebraska for the passage of the pending Woman Suffrage Constitutional Amendment.

THE latest returns of the Maine election give the Republicans over 9,000 plurality. The vote for Governor and Congressmen runs very evenly, Robie leading slightly. The State Senate stands twenty-eight Republicans to three Fusionists, and the House one hundred and two Republicans to forty-nine Democrats.

JUDGE WYLIE has set aside the remarkable verdict found by the jury in the Star Route cases, both on account of the jury's misconduct and the general unreasonableness of their finding, and the second trial of all the accused is to begin the first Monday in December. The charge of attempts to bribe the jury are to be investigated.

THE International Military Rifle Match on the Creedmoor range, September 14th and 15th, resulted in a decisive victory for the British team, who scored 19 points more than the Americans on the first day and largely increased their lead at the second stage, their aggregate for the two days being 1,975, against but 1,805 for the home team.

A CYCLONE which started in the West Indies struck the Atlantic Coast in Florida early last week, and followed it into New England, the storm doing great damage in many States, especially Florida and Georgia. Later in the week a tornado swept through the town of Winchester, Conn., destroying much property and fatally injuring several persons.

MR. ERNEST L. CAMPBELL has been nominated by the Republicans for Governor of Colorado. In the Fifth Wisconsin Congressional District, now represented by General E. S. Bragg, there were 1,601 ballots in the Democratic Convention before a nomination was effected. Mr. D. H. Sumner was finally nominated. General Bragg will run as an Independent.

DURING the fiscal year, ending June 30th last, the total amount paid out of the Federal Treasury for pensions, including the cost of disbursement, was \$54,296,280.54. The total number of pensioners on the roll is 285,697, an increase over the previous year of 16,867. The total amount paid by the Government for pensions, from 1861 to June 30th, 1882, was \$500,641,324. Out of this amount, and since 1871, \$25,234,232 has been paid to the survivors of the war of 1812, and to the widows of those who served during that war.

Foreign.

A COMET, visible to the naked eye, has been discovered in South America.

ONE of the buttresses of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, fell last week killing four women. They were decapitated.

A GENERAL movement is afoot in Dublin to present General Wolseley with a sword of honor on his return from Egypt.

THE eleventh Federal Congress of Mexico convened on the 16th instant. Senor Manuel Rubio was elected President of the Senate and Senor Manuel Dublan President of the Chamber of Deputies.

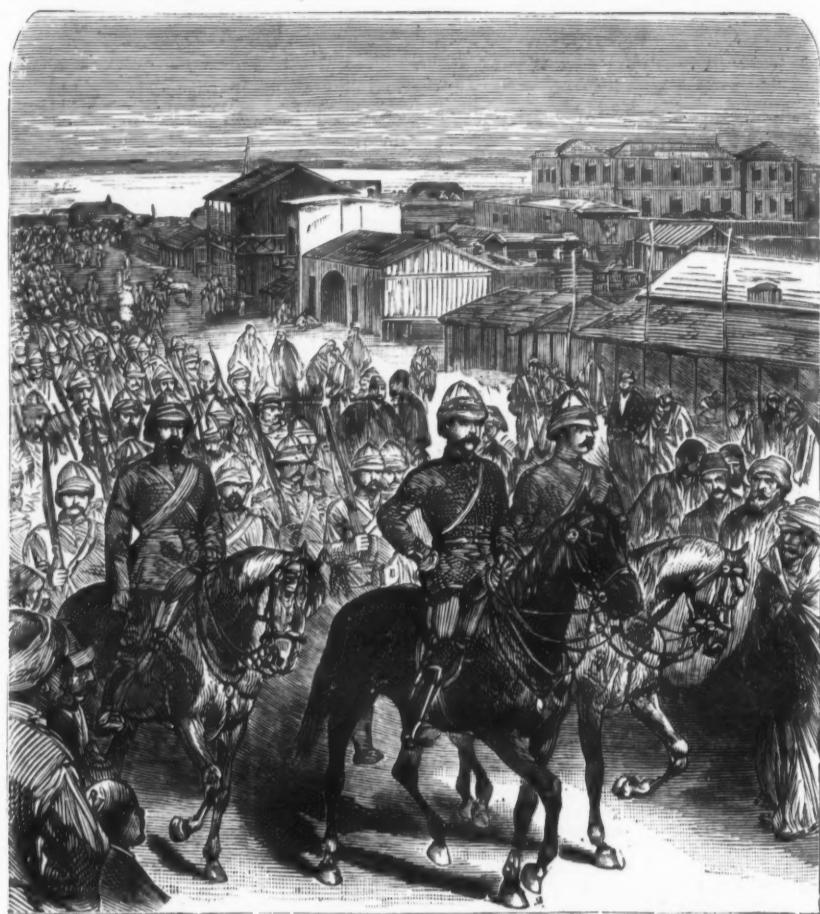
THE race between the Hillsdale (Mich.) crew and the Thames Rowing Club was rowed on the Thames September 15th, and resulted in a victory for the Englishmen, the Hillsdale having broken a slide after leading for two miles.

MAJOR-GENERAL DE TCHERIAEFF, Governor of Yekutsk, has left St. Petersburg for Tashkend, after telling an English correspondent that if England and Russia should mutually arrange their interests in Central Asia they would have no need to quarrel. If ever there should be serious trouble it would not be the fault of Russia.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See PAGE 71.



ENGLAND.—THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND FAMILY.



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—OCCUPATION OF ISMAILIA BY BRITISH TROOPS.



SPAIN.—VIEW OF THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY AND INSTITUTE, CADIZ.

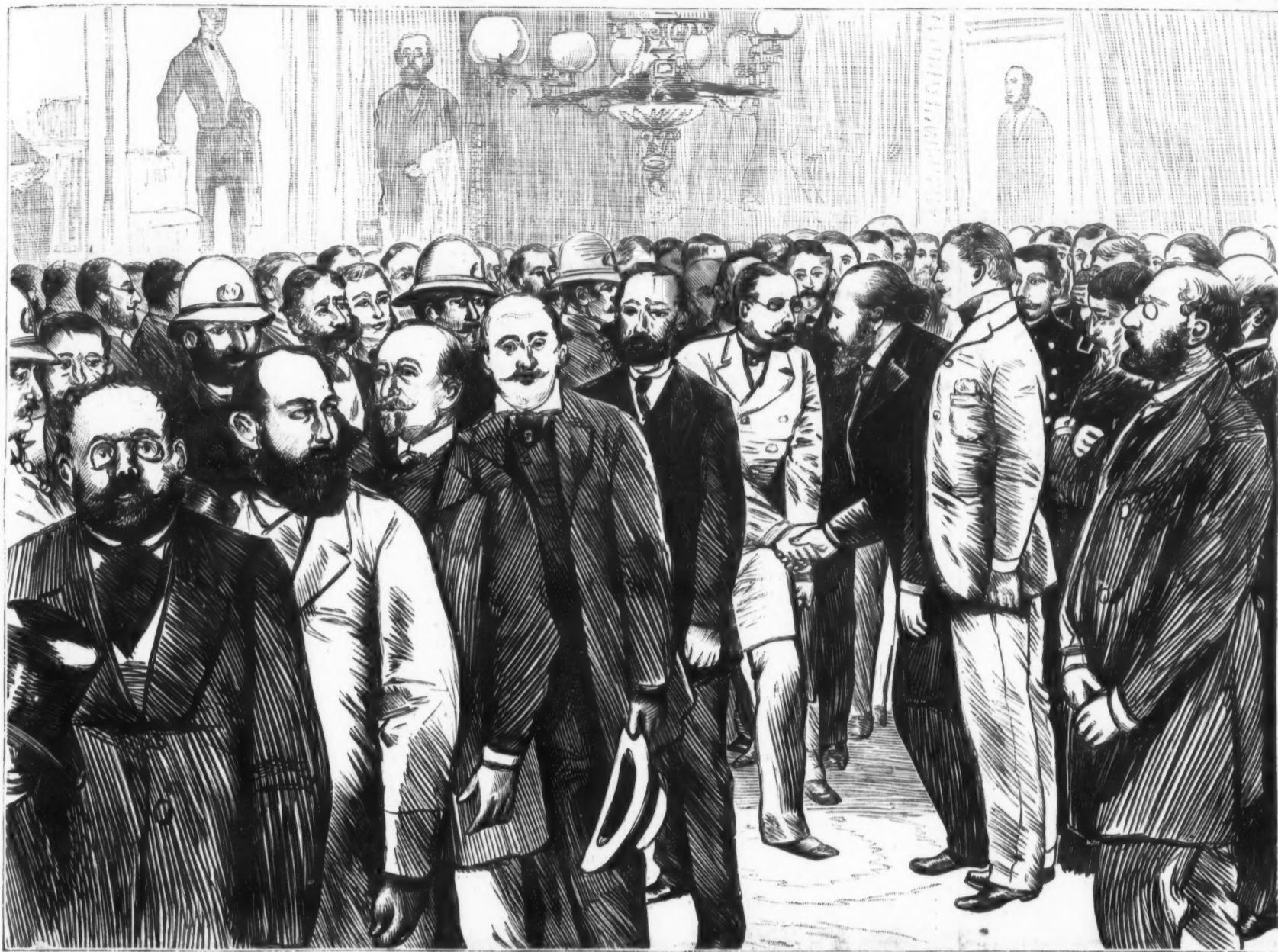


TURKEY.—THE SACRED CAMEL LEAVING THE SULTAN'S PALACE FOR MECCA.

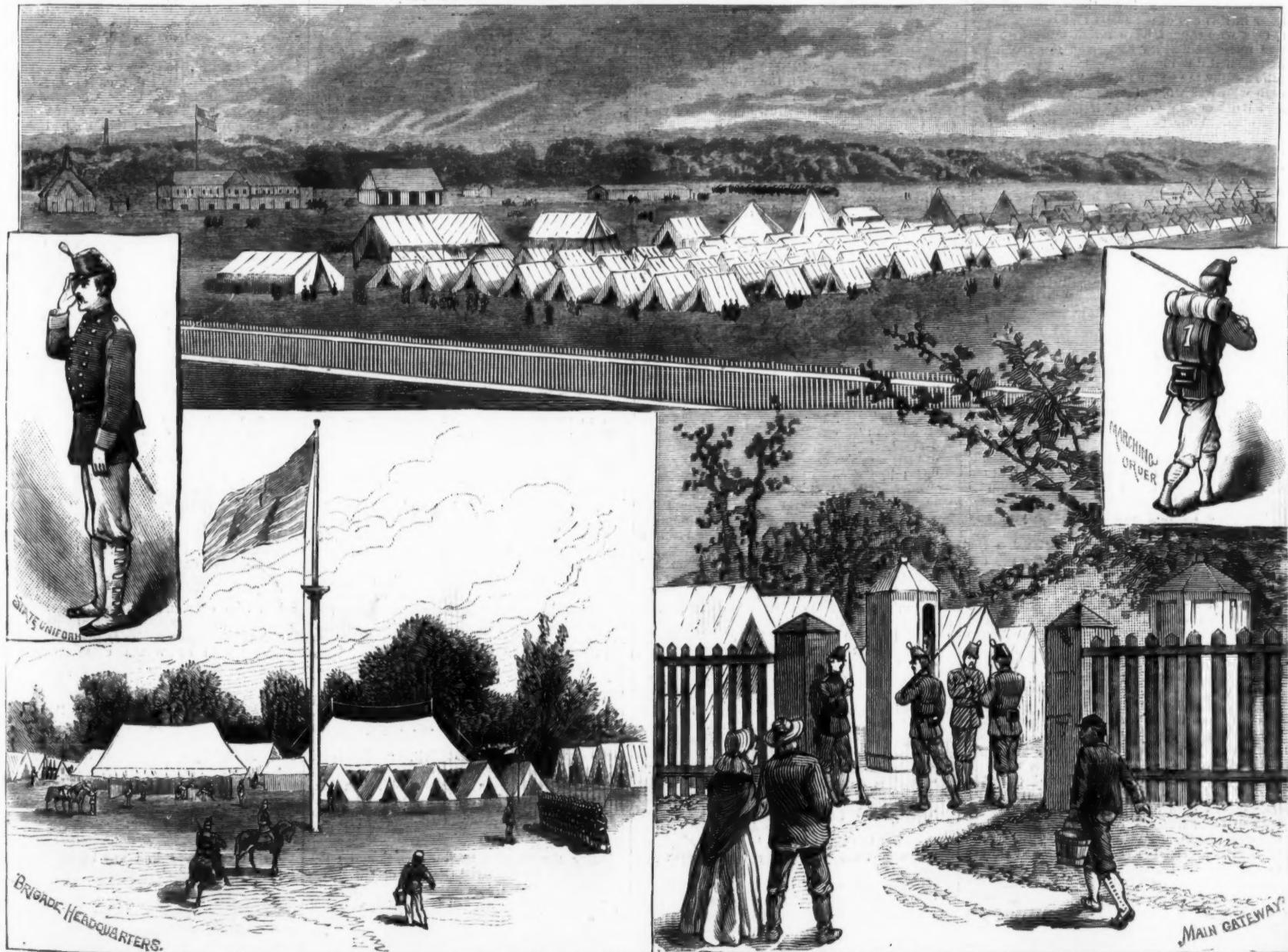


1. Maj.-gen. Wm. Earle, in Command of Communications. 2. Lieut.-gen. G. H. S. Willis, 1st Division. 3. Maj.-gen. Arch. Alison, 3d Brigade. 4. Lieut.-gen. Haley, 2d Division. 5. Maj.-gen. Sir Evelyn Wood, 4th Brigade. 6. Maj.-gen. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Guards Brigade. 7. Lieut.-gen. Sir John Atye, Chief of Staff. 8. Lieut.-gen. Sir Garnet Wolseley, Commander-in-chief.

THE WAR IN EGYPT.—SOME OF THE BRITISH GENERALS.



NEW YORK CITY.—RECEPTION OF CHIEF-ENGINEER G. W. MELVILLE, OF THE "JEANNETTE" ARCTIC EXPEDITION, AT THE CITY HALL, SEPT. 14TH.—SEE PAGE 78.



MASSACHUSETTS.—ENCAMPMENT OF THE FIRST MASSACHUSETTS BRIGADE AT FRAMINGHAM, SEPT. 12TH-16TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY A. B. SHUTE.—SEE PAGE 75.

A BIRTHDAY WORD.

(To ——.)

OUR years, whose dreams deceive us,
With birth-months come and go;
Youth's force and fancy leave us,
And faith kept, few men know:
Still by each smoldering ember
Of passion and regret,
If bitter to remember,
'Tis drearier to forget!

JOHN MORAN.

A LONG LANE—IT'S TURNING.

By CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER L

"MURDER will out," said Robert Janny, firmly; "murder will out. Not merely because it is wicked, and therefore opposed to the thought—the better and truer thought—of men and women; not because good was first, and in the end will be highest; not because good is natural and evil unnatural; but simply because *anything* can be found out if one will only give an effort to it. Any effect had a cause, and there were connections, natural connections, between the effect and the cause. A thing once done, is done, done for ever; cover it, conceal it, hide it away if you can! No, sir, it cannot be done! The vibrations of sounds made ages ago are beating all about us now. There is evidence all around us for all we may wish to know. We have only to read it aright. This case is no exception."

"Of course it isn't an exception," said John Clell, "but, on the contrary, it is one of the simplest illustrations of your theory. How could a case be clearer? How could evidence be more direct? Here is one man dead—a man without an enemy—dead without being robbed. Here is another man who comes forward and presents a draft at a bank. It is dated to-day. He is at the bank when it opens in the morning. He is nervous, excited, and in a hurry. He gets the money and goes out. An hour later the man whose name is signed to the check is found dead—murdered in his office. The doctors say that he had been dead for twelve hours at least; that is, that he was killed early last evening. The bank authorities say that the check is a forgery, as, of course, it must be, unless this exact man of business made a mistake and dated it one day ahead, and then was murdered afterwards. The man who drew the money is missing. No train has left since. No livery-stable man has let a team this morning to any one, nor to him for a half year at least. He owned no team. But he is gone. A half-dozen saw him at the bank. No one has seen him since. A check, otherwise unaccounted for, is gone from the checkbook of the murdered man. The coroner's jury did their clear duty in giving just the verdict they did. And when they find a man who has only an hour the start—only an hour in this age of railroads and telegraphs—a man who cannot have much more than the five hundred dollars he got on the check he had cashed this morning—a man who will be followed by the eager relatives of a murdered man who was worth his millions—when they find William Canton, in short, they will have the man. Your theory is good, perhaps, but not quite applicable to this case. Murder will out sometimes; but in this case it is out already."

Robert Janny rose quietly to his feet to go home. "I will stake my life that my friend William Canton is innocent," he said. "I would have staked mine on the honesty and uprightness of William Canton twenty-four hours ago. He was my friend twenty-four hours ago, as well as yours. But where is there anything on which to base a single hope for his innocence. I cannot see one. Can you?"

"I have nothing definite enough to amount to much, even in my own mind, until I can consult with William himself. I shall volunteer to defend him, and I shall clear him. Clear him to the world—leave his name without a stain—establish his innocence beyond a question, not because I like to be considered a good lawyer—although neither of us object to that—not because the case is in all appearances an almost hopeless one, although you know I love anything which puzzles and is mysterious, but because I feel in my very soul that William Canton is innocent, and that when a man is innocent it can be proved."

"You've nothing definite; have you any clew?"

"Wait and see what comes of seeing the accused. Will you join with me for the defense?"

"Yes, I will. For your sake, though. Not for his. It would be a great triumph to clear William Canton, if he can be taken, and when once taken guarded with care enough to insure his ever being brought to trial. But it would be the triumph of the legal mind over the mind of the jurymen to me. I knew William Canton just as well as you did. I have known him just as long as you have. I liked him just as well as you did. And I feel just as strong a conviction that he is guilty as you do that he is innocent. But I will join with you, for your sake, not for his."

Robert Janny shook the hand of his friend in silence and left the office. John Clell found a tear on his own hand as Janny turned away. He stood and watched him as he walked down the street in the gathering twilight. With head bent forward on his breast he moved slowly away. "Poor fellow," said John Clell, with tears in his own eyes, "he takes it hard."

A moment later another man came towards Clell's office. Clell opened the door without a word. He felt he knew his errand. He almost regretted the promise he had made to his old friend Janny.

"Good-evening, Mr. Clell."

"Good-evening, sir."

"I need not enter into particulars to-night.

My partner's death is too recent and my own grief too fresh for it to be easy for me to talk much of it. But I wish to retain you for the prosecution."

"Are you sure there will be one?"

"Oh, yes. The prisoner was lodged in jail a half-hour ago. I waited until that was all settled before coming. There would have been an attempt at lynching if we had not used care. I had a half-dozen men at the depot when the train from the West came in. They were ready to prevent any trouble of that kind. We must have everything done in strict accordance with all legal forms. I wish to secure the services of all the lawyers here where Mr. Black was known. Your fee will be five hundred dollars. Here is one hundred of it." And he laid a roll of bills on the table.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Wint, but I have promised to aid the defense."

"To aid the defense? I promised? Who asked you?"

Mr. Wint's every word was one of the utmost astonishment.

"I promised Robert Janny, at his request."

"Robert Janny is quite forward. He volunteers his own services and engages help with a most praiseworthy haste, to be sure. I don't like it. They say that he is engaged to Canton's sister."

"Do they?"

"Yes, they do. And I say he has the reputation of being an unscrupulous rascal, and that if you help him you will deserve the reputation of being a fool."

And with a slam of the door Mr. Wint, angry and scornful, was gone.

CHAPTER II

OUR readers are already in possession of nearly all the known facts relating to the murder of Mr. Black. William Canton had been searched for by officers in a half-dozen different directions, and arrested not far from noon in a small town which it was evident he could only have reached by driving hard, and by having started at once after getting his money at the bank. The five hundred dollars was found on his person by the sheriff, who arrested him; he either showed, or pretended to show, great surprise on being arrested. He had been brought back by a somewhat roundabout way, being taken nearly as far by carriage to reach a convenient station on the railroad as would have been necessary to get him home, and had then been brought in on the train.

Robert Janny and John Clell were allowed to have an interview with the prisoner the morning after his arrest. It was not a very satisfactory one.

"You are innocent, of course?" asked Janny.

"I am," answered Canton.

"I want you to go over carefully everything that will help me in making a good defense for you."

"You are more than kind, Robert," said Canton, coming across the cell and giving Janny his hand, "but there are some things I cannot tell you."

"Lawyers always prefer to know the whole truth from their clients. If you were really Mr. Black's murderer I could serve you better if I knew it and knew all the circumstances of your relations to each other which would throw any light on it. But, innocent as you are, the reason that a criminal might have for silence is gone, while the necessity for entire confidence remains. Tell me the truth, and the whole truth."

"What I tell you will be the truth, but I shall not tell you the whole truth. There are some things connected with this unfortunate matter which I cannot speak about. There are some questions which you will ask me which I cannot—which I will not answer. I am innocent of the terrible crime of which I am accused, but I scarcely dare hope to escape hanging for it."

"Shall I ask you some questions?"

"Yes, but I'll not promise to answer them."

"You drew five hundred dollars at the bank yesterday morning?"

"Yes."

"You presented a check for it?"

"Yes."

"You indorsed the check with your name on the back?"

"Yes."

"What was the date of the check?"

"If I had gone quietly about my business and the question had come up in an ordinary business way I should have said June 10th, but it seems that the check with my indorsement on the back bears date of June 11th. I really cannot say?"

"Would you swear that the check you had was dated June 10th?"

"No, I couldn't do that."

"Would you swear that it is your conviction that it was dated June 10th?"

"No, I couldn't even say that."

"Did you see it made?"

"No."

"Who made it? Who signed it—that is?"

"I don't know. It was procured for me by a person who has no back account. I merely glanced at the amount, put it in my pocket-book, put that in my pocket, and I believe I never looked at the face of it again."

"From whom did you procure the check?"

"That is one of the questions I will not answer."

"For what purpose did you want the money?"

"I'll not tell that, either."

"Where were you going when you were arrested?"

"I decline to answer."

"When were you coming home?"

"I don't know."

"Were you in Mr. Black's office on the evening of June 10th?"

"Yes."

"For what purpose?"

"I decline to say."

John Clell rose and walked to the narrow

window of the cell and stood there looking out, his back resolutely turned to the prisoner and his friend during the rest of the interview.

Robert Janny affected not to notice it. But William Canton saw it, and his face was sadder, and his head dropped lower, as he realized that one of the men who had volunteered to defend him believed he was guilty, and despised him for it.

"When did you leave Mr. Black's office?"

"Somewhere about eight o'clock. I can't say exactly."

"Where were you the remainder of the evening?"

"I decline to say."

"Eight o'clock was early. If we could prove that you were elsewhere after—"

"We can't prove it," interrupted Canton, "for I shall not give you a clew to the witnesses necessary."

"Look here, William Canton, you are an innocent man. The prosecution will find out enough of all these things to use against you. I mean to find out as much as I can to use for you. Why not help me?"

"If I thought that either the prosecution or you would come to my trial able to answer all the questions you have asked me, I would plead guilty to the horrible charge against me, and hang for it without a word."

"One last question. Do you suspect any one of this deed?"

"I don't know. There is one man that I might think—no, I suspect no one; I tell you I have no suspicion as to who did the deed or why it was done. There is only one line of defense open. Plead my well-known good character, my honesty and uprightness, and if you find that they are going to prove that I did kill him, in spite of your efforts to shield me from that, then try the plea of insanity. It will be the only show then."

Janny shook hands with Canton when he left the cell; Clell went out without so much as a look at the prisoner.

In the corridor, scarcely out of hearing of the prisoner, Clell turned almost fiercely on Janny:

"It is a waste of time and effort, Janny. You may show all the interest in Canton, for the sake of his sister, that you please. But whatever you show, what can you feel? His uprightness, his honesty, his good character; as if every man who has suffered for his crimes has not had these things in the history of his past to plead in his favor. Character, honesty and uprightness are so much chaff in such a case. If he didn't kill him—mind, I say, if he didn't—he is insane beyond a doubt. What are you going to do?"

"I tell you William Canton is an innocent man, and I will prove it!"

The next day William Canton waived examination, and was sent to jail in default of bail.

"Six months to trial," said Clell to Janny.

"What are you going to do meantime?"

"Keep my eyes open and follow everything that looks like a clew," said Janny.

CHAPTER III

"WHAT success?" was the question which Clell asked of Janny every morning and every evening during the six long months which elapsed between Canton's arrest and trial. Clell found himself getting as interested as Janny; something, too, of Janny's firm belief in the innocence of Canton found a place in his mind. Or, perhaps it might be fairer to say that, from being sure that Canton was guilty, he had come to doubt it a little and to think sometimes that he might be innocent. Sometimes Janny had something of interest to tell, but usually nothing of much importance. He had found out much of that regarding which he had vainly questioned Canton at the first interview he had with him after the arrest. He had had frequent interviews with his client since, and had given Clell the results of most of his questions. He had spent a little time with Emma Canton, his promised wife, but it had been but little. Janny was giving his time, his thought, his very life to the investigation. He had looked over the scene of the murder at the time it was discovered, but had shunned the place since. Once or twice he had to go to the office of Mr. Wint to sign papers connected with business which came in his way, but there was a coldness between the man who had undertaken the defense of William Canton and the man who had been the partner of Mr. Black.

"I must go down and see old Wint again. Thank heaven, it will be the last time until the trial is over! Do you know to-morrow is the day for it?" said Janny.

At dusk he saw Clell.

"Go up and see whether William has any new thing to say or any wishes to express. I shall spend this last evening with Emma. She needs help. And perhaps I shall feel stronger in the morning."

Before daylight Clell was awakened by a ring at the door-bell. It was Janny.

"If you will let me keep it for a little I will be grateful. I know it is your right to know it all now, but I don't want to run the risk of even a tell-tale face when I ask any questions to day. Will you wait?"

"Of course I will," said Clell. "What is it? Have you a hope?"

"No, not a hope—a certainty. William Canton will be a free man in a few hours."

"Are you in earnest? Are you sure?"

"I am."

"I will wait then."

After the opening of the case in court the prosecution first proved the fact of the death of Mr. Black and the circumstances attending the discovery. Mr. Wint and a friend were away on business early in the morning. Members of Mr. Black's family had been alarmed at finding that he had not returned home, and had gone to the office. Accompanied by two policemen they had forced an entrance. Mr. Black was found dead. His desk and that of Mr. Wint were found locked.

Mr. Black's death had evidently been caused by a blow from behind with a poker. His death had probably been instantaneous. The policemen and the members of the family gave their testimony in a straightforward manner. The cross-examination by Janny seemed directed toward establishing the fact that robbery had no part in the murderer's plan. Under his questioning the fact that the desks were found locked was emphasized. The fact that Mr. Black's key was on the floor and not in his pocket, was also brought out in addition to what they had already told.

The doctors, three in number, gave their testimony. They were called at half past nine. Mr. Black was dead; his death resulted from a blow on the back of the head. Death must have been instantaneous. He had probably been dead about twelve hours when they saw him.

On cross-examination the doctors said that the man was doubtless killed without shouting for help. Death must have been instantaneous. They would not say that he was killed later than eight o'clock at night. They would not say that he was killed earlier. Probably not earlier than seven nor later than ten, so far as they could judge.

The prosecution next proved the fact of the presenting of the check by William Canton. The cashier was deceived by the excellent imitation of Mr. Black's signature. The bank had just opened. Mr. Canton was the first one in. He indorsed the check in the bank. The cashier saw him do it. He was certain of it. The check was dated June 11th.

The evident intention of the lawyer for the prosecution was to impress the jury with the idea that the check was written in the morning after the murder, and dated, by a very natural error, on the day when it was really written, the writer forgetting that the man whose name was at the bottom of it had been dead since the evening before. The check was written on a form similar to that used by Mr. Black.

Mr. Janny declined to cross-examine.

Mr. Black's check-book was introduced in evidence. The place from which the check had been torn was found and fully identified. The check fitted the place in the book perfectly.

would seem to indicate. But to save time and space we will leave out "objections" and "rulings" and "exceptions," and deal with results merely.)

"Who lent it to him?"

"I did."

"Did you take security?"

"No."

"At that time, then, you believed him honest and responsible, did you?"

"I scarcely know."

"You scarcely know? Had you any reason for wishing that he might not be?"

"I believed he was responsible. I believed it then. I don't—"

"Never mind that. I didn't ask that. How much did you lend him?"

"One thousand dollars."

"Very well—very well, indeed. Had Mr. Canton received a receipt for this money from the firm of Black & Wint up to the 9th of June?"

"No."

"Did he pay you one thousand dollars on the 10th of June?"

"No, sir, he did not."

"We shall see about that. Did you ever ask him for the money?"

"I never did."

"Why?"

"Because—because—well, it's rather hard to assign a reason."

"Would a business man be likely to ask for money if he felt any doubt about the party having it being responsible—good for it, as the saying is? An average business man, I mean."

"I think he would. But in my case—"

"Never mind that. But in your case you never asked him for it?"

"No; I never did."

"Did you ever ask any one for it?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Let me help you. I had hard work to get Miss Emma Canton to give me a certain insulting note last evening. I will read it:

"MISS CANTON—William Canton shall suffer unless you will marry me.

"June 10th,

SAMUEL WINT."

"Did you write that?"

"Suppose I did."

"Did you write it?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Never mind now. Did William Canton pay you one thousand dollars at about six o'clock on the afternoon of the 10th of June?"

"No."

"Be very careful of your answers. You are on oath, remember. Did he tell you that he had borrowed fifteen hundred dollars of a pawnbroker? Did he give you one thousand dollars in money? Did you see a check for five hundred more in his possession?"

"No—most emphatically no, to all those questions."

"Did Mr. Canton call upon you at about six o'clock?"

"Yes, but—"

"Did he step to the door to speak to a man who was passing?"

"Yes."

"Did he leave his pocketbook on your table for ten minutes?"

"No, he didn't leave his pocketbook there at all."

"You swear to that?"

"I do."

"Where was Mr. Black at this time?"

"At supper."

"Was there any witness to your interview with Mr. Canton?"

"No."

"At what time did Mr. Canton leave?"

"A few minutes after six."

"Did he come back again?"

"Yes, to see Mr. Black."

"When did you leave?"

"While he was there."

"Did you go back again that evening?"

"I did not."

"Were you there the next day?"

"No, sir; I was away when the murder was discovered. The doctors have said that any sudden excitement might be fatal to me. I dared not go. I was nearly sick at home."

"You were away on business the next day. Did you write anything?"

"No, sir."

"You will swear to that?"

"I will."

Janny turned to the Judge:

"Pardon this irregularity, your honor, if you will. I only seek justice. I was in this man's office yesterday. He is an insurance agent. Blotters are plenty there. But as I sat at his desk to sign some papers there were none handy. My eye caught the end of one sticking out from under a drawer. I pulled it loose. I took the liberty of keeping it, after one glance at it. It makes everything clear. With the aid of this hand-mirror I shall ask the jury and your honor to read the letter which Mr. Wint sent to Miss Canton on this blotter; and then to read, 'June 11th,' the year is printed in the checkbooks; at the left, \$500; below that 'Five hundred dollars' in words; and, last of all, the signature of 'Thomas Black.' This blotter has been used for only these two things. I demand the release of William Canton."

Then turning to Wint:

"One last question—or two, rather. Who has systematically robbed his partner for ten years? Who plotted to cover that crime and to find his revenge on another at once?"

"I did it," shouted Wint, and the next moment his head fell forward on his hands as they rested on the stand before him.

Of his evidence, a mingled tissue of truth and falsehood, the statement which the doctors had made of the danger to him of sudden excitement was as he had said.

And the doctors were correct—fearfully correct.

Dead men tell no tales, and, therefore, much is conjecture. That Wint wrote the forged check under a sudden impulse and placed it in Canton's pocketbook while the latter was at the door is doubtless true. Whether the murder

of his partner was a part of his plan then, or whether he determined on that later, is a matter for doubt. Whether the blow that struck down Mr. Black was struck to kill him only, or more to kill Canton at the hands of the law, will never be known. Janny always says: "Murder will out." And Clell admits it.

THE LOUISVILLE RAILROAD CELEBRATION.

TUESDAY, September 12th, will be a red-letter day in the annals of Louisville. Four new railroads centering on that city having been lately completed, the entire population, suspending business, joined in celebrating the event. All the accessories and incidents customary on similar occasions were present in full force. A crowd of citizens and visitors from far and near, estimated to number two hundred thousand, thronged the streets all day; a trade procession representing every industry and business interest of the Falls City, and occupying three hours in its march past a fixed point; myriads of flags and festoons from all the buildings, public and private, along the line of march and all over the city, the whole affair culminating in a pyrotechnic blaze of glory from floats and flat-boats anchored in the Ohio opposite the city, all made up a day to which the oldest inhabitant will hereafter and unfailingly "point with pride." Among the buildings conspicuous for simplicity of decorations was the well-known Galt House, headquarters of the city's invited guests and of most of the principal visitors to the city. Under its new management the Galt House fully sustains the reputation of its former palmy days when it enjoyed the distinction of being not only the largest, but the best hotel south of Ohio.

Of the new railroads meeting in a common centre at Louisville none will fail to contribute largely to the trade, growth and business of the city. From the St. Louis and the Northwest the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis comes in, almost an air line and many miles shorter than any other route between the two terminal cities; from Memphis and points on the Mississippi, the Chesapeake, Ohio and Southwestern opens a new and shorter route to the entire Southwest. From Knoxville the Louisville branch of Eastern Tennessee and Southern Kentucky, while the entrance of the Chesapeake and Ohio system by way of Lexington and Frankfort to Louisville, signalizes the completion of an entire new and independent route from the Ohio to the seaboard and all the Atlantic coast and foreign trade. Of the four lines whose completion Louisville celebrated on Tuesday, none will, perhaps, prove of greater immediate or prospective importance than the first-mentioned, joining that city with St. Louis by way of Evansville, Ind. The route and the project are by no means new, but it was reserved for a strong combination of Massachusetts capitalists—from whom Colonel Jonas H. French, of Boston, is the head—to take up the enterprise and carry it to a successful completion. The route is fifty-nine miles shorter than any other, traverses the richest coal-fields of Southern Indiana, and will be fully opened for freight and passenger business about the 1st of October.

In the trades, procession all industries and vocations were represented. The mammoth plow, 47 feet long and higher than a three-story house, of Thomas Meekie & Co. spoke for one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the city; the duplicate of the original log-cabin, with the colored "picanninies" inside; the gourds without and the mangy cur under the wheels, reviving memories of the good old times "before the war"; while long lines of wagons, floats and other devices illustrated in a most effective manner the whisky, beer, tobacco and other important interests of Louisville. The parade of the firemen, with their steam engines, was exceedingly fine, and the military display, though small, creditable. At Oak Hall, corner of Front and Jefferson streets occupied by H.A. Witherspoon's great clothing house, one of the most extensive in the South, thousands of people were amused all the morning by the display and liberation of the animal balloons which have lately become so popular at some of the seaside resorts, and shouts of applause and laughter greeted the whale, the elephant, the bear and other animals as they went sailing off among the stars. Besides the railroad celebration many visitors were also attracted to Louisville during the week by the Fair and the Industrial Exposition, both of which are in highly successful progress.

Among the institutions of Louisville not represented in the procession, but one developing much business and interest in Kentucky and neighboring States, is the Mascotte Association, a benevolent Order incorporated under Kentucky laws and designed to reproduce in practical operation similar associations which have been successful and beneficial in the Rhenish provinces of Germany for centuries. Hon. Wm. B. Hoke is President of the Association; Hon. Robert J. Breckinridge its attorney, and among its officials and members are some of the leading citizens of Kentucky. The objects of the Association are to give a certain money contribution to its members upon marriage, misfortune or distress, and the mutual co-operative plan is made its basis of operations without salaried officers or dividends.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Some of the British Officers in Egypt.

The record of Lieutenant-general Sir Garnet J. Wolseley, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Commander-in-chief of the expeditionary force now in Egypt, has been already fully given in these columns. Lieutenant-general Sir John Adye, R.A., K.C.B., second in command, is the son of a soldier. Born in 1819, he was Assistant Adjutant-general of the Royal Artillery during the Crimean War. During the Indian Mutiny he held the same appointment, and was afterwards employed on special service during the Afghan campaign of 1863-64. Lieutenant-general G.H. S. Willis, C.B., who commands the First Division, served with the Seventy-seventh Regiment in the Crimea; and he has held at different times the posts of Assistant Quartermaster-general at Gibraltar, Assistant Adjutant-general at Malta, and Assistant Quartermaster-general of the Southern District, and at the Horse Guards. He was lately appointed Major-general in command of the Northern District. Lieutenant-general Sir Edward Hamley, R.A., K.C.M.G., C.B., the author of the well-known work on "The Operations of War," served all through the Crimean campaign, where his horse was twice shot under him. In 1875 he was Chief Commissioner for the Delimitation of Bulgaria, and in 1880 for the rectification of the Turkish-Russian frontier in Armenia. Major-general William Earle, C.S.I., who commanded the line of communications in Egypt, attained his present rank in 1880. He served all through the Crimea with the Forty-ninth Regiment. Major-general H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, K.G., K.T., P.K., G.C.M.G., has never before seen active service. He holds numerous appointments in the army, among others those of Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Rifle Corps and personal Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. His Royal Highness entered as a cadet at the Woolwich Military Academy in 1868, lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in 1869, lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade the same year, and captain in 1871. He commanded the Guards Brigade in the First Division. Major-general Sir Archibald Alison, K.C.B., entered the Seventy-second Highlanders in 1846, served with them during the Crimean campaign, and was Military Secretary to Sir Colin Campbell

(afterwards Lord Clyde) during the Indian Mutiny. He lost his left arm in the Relief of Lucknow. In 1873 Sir Archibald was sent to the Gold Coast as second in command, and Brigadier-general of the European Brigade, which he led at the capture of Bequa and Coomassie. In 1878 he was appointed Deputy Quartermaster-general and Chief of the Intelligence Branch of the War Office. Major-general Sir Evelyn Wood, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., V.C., was born in 1838. He served in the Navy before taking a Commission in the Army in 1855. He gained the Victoria Cross in the Indian Mutiny, and served under Sir Garnet Wolseley during the Ashantee War. Throughout the Zulu War he commanded the celebrated Flying Column of General Newdigate's division, and during the recent Transvaal War he succeeded to the command of the troops in Natal and the Transvaal after the death of Sir George Colley at Majuba Hill.

The Sacred Camel Leaving for Mecca.

The Sacred Camel took its annual departure for Mecca on the 2d of August, from the Sultan's Palace at Yeldi Golde, Constantinople. It carries gifts from the Sultan for the Shrine of the Prophet. The procession halted at Tophana, where the camel was transported in a tug across the Bosphorus, a salute being fired on its departure. At Scutari it rested three days, and then proceeded on its journey. The camel was richly caparisoned, its body being nearly hidden under a canopy covered with embroidery. Three or four other camels followed, with four mules bearing a sort of palanquin between them.

The Astronomical Observatory at San Fernando.

At a distance of half a mile from the City of San Fernando is situated the principal observatory of Spain. It consists of two extensive buildings, nine annexes and numerous small but isolated departments. The leading building is of immense strength, and constructed in the form of a Latin cross, its facade facing the south. The first stone was laid on the 3d of October, 1793, and five years afterwards saw the completion of the edifice. It is situated 1,147 pds above the level of the sea. The mural tablet announces that it was constructed in the reign of Charles V., and in the eighteenth year of the Pontificate of Pius VI. The other edifice, which faces the east, is a quadrilateral. In the centre of the building in the new observatory is a magnificent hall, erected in 1832, the instruments in which are in direct communication with those of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. Here all the nautical almanacs of Spain are prepared, and the weather and other tables issued. The director is Señor Don Cecilio Freijezon.

The Prince of Wales.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has just taken his annual holiday. He earned it, for, what with attending state ceremonials and banquets, opening town halls and parks and fountains, running hither and thither, as the circumstances of the hour and Royal Pudding commanded, Albert Edward has had a busy time of it, and needed a sojourn at Wiesbaden to prepare his right royal loans for the campaign of '82. Happy in the possession of a most charming and amiable wife, his children absolutely adoring him, with his two bronzed boys home after a trip round the world, and his three chic daughters free from the rigid but perfect "system" of Mademoiselle Gayard-Pacini, the première pianist of the age, His Royal Highness took himself to Wiesbaden for his annual outing, and, surrounded by his Laren and Penates, has been having a "real good time." Free as the means London shopkeeper on his bouting, the prince enjoyed himself after the fashion of an English gentleman, all of the present time. He chatted pleasantly with his *cercle*. He beat time with his foot to the band. He walked in the Kurhaus Gardens. He beamed upon the grand young officers who marched up and down in "golden epaulets and two pence a day." He delighted Britshers by appearing in the roughest of homosopus suits and a white round bat. His Royal Highness enjoys himself and his cigar. His motto is *semper idem*—no matter whether he be going through a real in Mar Castle—no matter whether he be receiving a deputation of town committee. Now he has the Princess on his arm, both her hands folded over it, and they are laughing at something which has tickled their risibles much; now with his two sons, Edward, the future King of England, linking, he strides out for a ten-mile stretch before dinner; now with the three girls, all of whom dearly love a romp, he is to be seen playing at tag, or madly eager to win at a very frisky game of lawn tennis. The Prince of Wales is an English gentleman, and this is what renders him so popular with the people over whom he may be destined in the near future to rule.

A New Motor.

A NEW motor has been discovered which it is claimed will supersede steam. The material from which the energy is generated is bi-sulphide of carbon, which is utilized as a motor agent in the form of vapor, and the advantage claimed for it over steam is that, while water expands in the ratio of 1 cubic inch to 1,700, bi-sulphide of carbon has an expansive property of 1 to 8,000. When the vapor is generated it passes into the steam-chest of the engine and moves the piston-rods. A pipe attached to the engine conveys the exhaust vapor directly through a condenser back to the tank in its original liquefied form to be regenerated. The system of generation and condensation is similar to the heart action, and with machinery perfectly constructed, it is claimed that a single supply of the bi-sulphide of carbon can be used with reinforcement for an indefinite period. The cost of fuel is trifling, it being claimed that from the peculiar properties of the bi-sulphide an ordinary house fire can develop a power sufficient to run an ocean steamer. Water boils at 212 degrees, and it takes 320 degrees of heat to make steam available, while the new agent takes the form of vapor at 180 degrees. The invention is owned by J. R. Blumberg, a German, who has been exhibiting it to Philadelphia capitalists with such success that they are likely to try it on a large scale.

A Buried City Unearthed in Florida.

FOR the past six months the work of digging the canal to connect Lakes Eustis and Dora, in order to open up the more southern lakes of the "Great Lake Region of Florida," has been prosecuted. At a distance of over four feet below the old level of Lake Dora a mound was discovered. The first excavations revealed the existence of a clearly defined wall lying in a line tending towards the southwest, from where it was first struck. This wall was composed of a dark brown sandstone, very much crumbled in places, but more distinct, more clearly defined, and the stone more solid as the digging increased in depth. The wall was evidently the eastern side of an ancient home or fortification, as the slope of the outer wall was to the west. About eight feet from the slope of the eastern wall a mound of sand was struck, embedded in the mud formation above and around it. This sand mound was dug into only a few inches, as the depth of the water demanded but a slightly increased depth of the channel at that point, but enough was discovered to warrant the belief that here on the northwestern shore of Lake Dora is a submerged city or town or fortification older by centuries than anything yet discovered in that portion of Florida. Small, curiously shaped blocks of sandstone, some of them showing traces of fire, pieces of pottery, and utensils made of mottled flint were thrown out by the men while working waist-deep in water.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

FOUR hundred additional clerks are soon to be appointed in the Fessian Bureau.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE's training-school has sent twenty-four nurses to Egypt.

GREAT damage to property has been done by storms and floods in the south of Spain.



"MAN OVERBOARD!"—AN INCIDENT OF OCEANIC TRADE.



THE OLD STREET IN LIMOGES.

YES, here it is, the dear, old street,
A maze of picturesque decay,
As charming now, as quaintly sweet,
As in the dull years passed away.

For progress it can break no lance,
But every stone brings back to me
The glamour of dead days in France,
And thoughts of what no more may be.

Ah, while afar, beyond broad seas,
I struggle thro' the bitter years,
It slumbered on in solemn ease,
Unconscious of my smiles or tears.

But I, when worn by restless care,
Recalled its beauty like a balm;
Its memory blessed me everywhere,
And purified me with its calm.

Yet though my footsteps seem estranged
Upon the pebbly pavements here,
You pointed gables have not changed,
Yon drowsy church is just as dear.

Its silver chimes have still the sound,
Low, soft and sautin, I once knew,
Echoes harmonious and profound,
That charmed my earliest rendezvous.

Ah! there's the shop of Père Balaisse,
With battered signs that swing and lean,
And there the busy market-place,
Where first I met pert Celestine.

The chimneied auberge stands there still,
(Maitre Andrich is dead, they say),
Ah, how with laughter, song and trill,
We used to drink his Beaujolais!

What! Old Mustache! is he alive?
That grand Imperial hussar,
Who fought at Arcis, one to five,
And who was but a living scar!

And there's the tall schoolmaster Jaime,
Distrait as usual, stiff and gruff;
Time may go by, he's just the same,
Smelling of ink and Spanish snuff.

And François, too, the old gendarme,
He has grown gray, but lively yet,
At Gravelote he lost an arm,
They've paid him with a red rosette.

And as I view the unchanged scene,
I seem a sad ghost of the past
That hovers o'er a spot serene;
And from my eyes the tears fall fast.

And I, dear street, beloved so well,
Come with my sorrows and a sigh,
Once more within thy light to dwell,
And in thy gabled shade to die.

F. S. SALTO.

HEART AND SCIENCE:

A STORY OF THE PRESENT TIME.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

CHAPTER XIX.

THE lapse of a few hours exercised no deteriorating influence on Mrs. Gallilee's amiability.

On the next day, thanks to his mother's intercession, Ovid was left in the undisturbed enjoyment of Carmina's society. Not only Miss Minerva, but even Mr. Gallilee and the children, were kept out of the way with a delicately-exercised dexterity which defied the readiest suspicion to take offense. In one word, all that sympathy and indulgence could do to invite Ovid's confidence was unobtrusively and modestly done. Never had the mistress of domestic diplomacy reached her ends with finer art.

In the afternoon a messenger delivered Benjulia's reply, to Mrs. Gallilee's announcement of her sons contemplated journey—dispatched by the morning's post. The doctor was confined to the house by an attack of gout. If Ovid wanted information on the subject of Canada, Ovid must go to him and get it. That was all.

"Have you ever been to Doctor Benjulia's house?" Carmina asked.

"Never."

"Then all you have told me about him is mere report? Now you will find out the truth. Of course you will go?"

Ovid felt no desire to make a voyage of exploration to Benjulia's lonely house—and said so, plainly. Carmina used all her powers of persuasion to induce him to change his mind. Mrs. Gallilee (superior to the influence of girlish curiosity) felt the importance of obtaining introductions to Canadian society, and agreed with her niece. "I shall order the carriage," she said, assuming a playfully-despotic tone; "and, if you don't go to the doctor, Carmina and I will pay him a visit in your place."

Threatened, if he remained obstinate, with such a result as this, Ovid had no alternative but to submit.

The one order that could be given to the coachman was to drive to the village of Herdon, on the northwestern side of London, and to trust to inquiries for the rest of the way. Between Herdon and Willesden there are pastoral solitudes within an hour's drive of Oxford Street—wooded lanes and wild-flowers, farms and cornfields, still unproctored by the devastating brickwork of the builder of modern times. Following winding ways, under shadowing trees, the coachman made his last inquiry at a roadside public-house. Hearing that Benjulia's place of abode was now within half a mile of him, Ovid set forth on foot, leaving the driver and horses to take their ease in their inn.

He arrived at an iron gate opening out of a lonely lane.

There, in the middle of a barren little field, he saw Benjulia's house—a hideous square

building of yellow brick with a slate roof. A low wall surrounded the place, having another iron gate at the entrance. The inclosure within was as barren as the field without—not even an attempt at flower-garden or kitchen-garden was visible. At a distance of some two hundred yards from the house stood a second and smaller building, with a skylight in the roof, which Ovid recognized (from description) as the famous laboratory. Behind it was the hedge which parted Benjulia's morsel of land from the land of his neighbor. Here the trees rose again, and the fields beyond were cultivated. No dwellings and no living creatures appeared. So near to London—and yet, in its loneliness, so far away—there was something unnatural in the solitude of the place.

Led by a feeling of curiosity, which was fast degenerating into suspicion, Ovid approached the laboratory without showing himself in front of the house. No watch-dog barked; no servant appeared on the lookout for a visitor. He was ashamed of himself as he did it, but (so strongly had he been impressed by Carmina's observation of the doctor) he even tried the locked door of the laboratory, and waited and listened! It was a breezy Summer day; the leaves of the trees near him rustled cheerfully. Was there another sound audible? Yes—low and faint there rose through the sweet woodland melody a moaning cry. It paused; it was repeated; it stopped. He looked round him, not quite sure whether the sound proceeded from the outside or the inside of the building. He shook the door. Nothing happened. The suffering creature (if it was a suffering creature) was silent or dead. Had chemical experiment accidentally injured some living thing? Or, what—?

He recoiled from pursuing that second inquiry. The laboratory had, by this time, become an object of horror to him. He returned to the dwelling-house. He put his hand on the latch of the gate, and looked back at the laboratory. He hesitated. That moaning cry, so piteous and so short-lived, haunted his ears. The idea of approaching Benjulia became repellent to him. What he might afterwards think of himself—what his mother and Carmina might think of him—if he returned without having entered the doctor's house, were considerations which had no influence over his mind in its present mood. The impulse of the moment was the one power that awed him. He put the latch back in the socket. "I won't go in," he said to himself.

It was too late. As he turned from the house a man servant appeared at the door, crossed the inclosure, and threw the gate open for Ovid without uttering a word.

They entered the passage. The speechless man-servant opened a door on the right and made a bow, inviting the visitor to enter. Ovid found himself in a room as barren as the field outside. There were the plastered walls, there was the bare floor, left exactly as the builders had left them when the house was finished. After a short absence the man appeared again. He might be depressed in spirits, or crabbed in temper; the fact remained that even now he had nothing to say. He opened a door on the opposite side of the passage, made another bow, and disappeared.

"Don't come near me!" cried Benjulia, the moment Ovid showed himself.

The doctor was seated in an inner corner of the room: robed in a long black dressing-gown, buttoned round his throat, which hid every part of him below his fleshless face, except his big hands, and his tortured, gouty foot. Rage and pain glared in his gloomy gray eyes, and shook his clinched fists, resting on the arms of an easy-chair. "Ten thousand red-hot devils are boring ten thousand holes through my foot," he said. "If you touch the pillow on my stool, I shall fly at your throat." He poured some cooling lotion from a bottle into a small watering-pot, and irrigated his foot as if it had been a bed of flowers. By way of further relief to the pain, he swore furiously: addressing his oaths to himself, in thunderous undertones which made the glasses ring on the sideboard.

Relieved, in his present frame of mind, to have escaped the necessity of shaking hands, Ovid took a chair and looked about him. Even here he discovered but little furniture, and that little of the heavy old-fashioned sort. Besides the sideboard, he perceived a dining-table, six chairs, and a dingy brown carpet. There were no curtains on the windows, and no pictures or prints on the drab colored walls. The empty grate showed its bleak black cavity undisguised; and the mantelpiece had nothing on it but the doctor's dirty and strong smelling pipe. Benjulia set down his watering-pot, as a sign that the paroxysm of pain had passed away. "A dull place to live in, isn't it?" In these words he welcomed his visitor to his house.

Irritated by the accident which had forced him into the repellent presence of Benjulia, Ovid answered in a tone which matched the doctor on his own hard ground.

"It's your own fault if the place is dull. Why haven't you planted trees, and laid out a garden?"

"I dare say I shall surprise you," Benjulia quietly rejoined; "but I have a habit of speaking my mind. I don't object to a dull place; and I don't care about trees and gardens."

"You don't seem to care about furniture, either," said Ovid.

Now that he was out of pain for a while, the doctor's innate insensibility to what other people might think of him, or might say to him, resumed its customary torpor in its strangely unconscious way. He seemed only to understand that Ovid's curiosity was in search of information about trifles. Well, there would be less trouble in giving him his information than in investigating his motives. So Benjulia talked of his furniture.

"I dare say you're right," he said. "My sister-in-law—did you know I had a relation of

that sort?—my sister-in-law got the tables and chairs and beds and basins. Buying things at shops doesn't interest me. I gave her a check; and I told her to furnish a room for me to eat in, and a room for me to sleep in—and not to forget the kitchen and the garrets for the servants. What more do I want?"

His intolerable composure only added to his guest's irritability.

"A selfish way of putting it," Ovid broke out. "Have you nobody to think of but yourself?"

"Nobody—I am happy to say."

"That's downright cynicism, Benjulia!"

The doctor reflected. "Is it?" he said. "Perhaps you may be right again. I think it's only indifference myself. Curiously enough, my brother looked at it from your point of view—he even used the same word that you used just now. I suppose he found my cynicism beyond the reach of reform. At any rate, he left off coming here. I got rid of him on easy terms. What do you say? That inhuman way of talking is unworthy of me? Really I don't think so. I'm not a downright savage. It's only indifference."

"Does your brother return your indifference? You must be a nice pair, if he does!"

Benjulia seemed to find a certain dreary amusement in considering the question Ovid had proposed. He decided on doing justice to his absent relative.

"My brother's intelligence is perhaps equal to such a small effort as you suggest," he said. "He has just brains enough to keep himself out of an asylum for idiots. Shall I tell you what he is in two words? A licentious glutton—that's what he is. I let his wife come here sometimes, and cry. It doesn't trouble me; and it seems to relieve her. More of my indifference—eh? Well, I don't know. I gave her the change out of the furniture-check, to buy a new bonnet with. You might call that indifference, and you might be right once more. I don't care about money. Will you have a drink? You see I can't move. Please ring for the man."

Ovid refused the drink, and changed the subject. "Your servant is a remarkably silent person," he said.

"That's his merit," Benjulia answered, "the women-servants have quarreled with every other man I've had. They can't quarrel with this man. I have raised his wages in grateful acknowledgment of his usefulness to me. I hate noise."

"Is that the reason you don't keep a watchdog?"

"I don't like dogs. They bark."

He had apparently some other disagreeable association with dogs, which he was not disposed to communicate. His hollow eyes stared gloomily into vacancy. Ovid's presence in the room seemed to have become, for the time being, an impression erased from his mind. He recovered himself, with the customary vehemence rubbing of his head, and turned to talk to the object of Ovid's visit.

"So you have taken my advice," he said. "You're going to Canada, and you want to get at what I can tell you before you start. Here's my journal. It will jog my memory, and help us both."

His writing materials were placed on a movable table, screwed to his chair. Near them lay a shabby-looking book, guarded by a lock. Ten minutes after he had opened his journal, and had looked here and there through the pages, his hard intellect had grasped all that it required. Steadily and copiously his mind emptied its information into Ovid's mind; without a single digression from beginning to end, and with the most mercilessly direct reference to the traveler's practical wants. Not a word escaped him, relating to national character or to the beauties of Nature. Mrs. Gallilee had criticised the Falls of Niagara as a reservoir of wasted power. Doctor Benjulia's scientific superiority over the woman asserted itself with magnificent ease. He never mentioned Niagara at all.

"Have I served your purpose as a guide?" he asked. "Never mind thanking me. Yes or no will do. Very good. I have got a line of writing to give you next." He mended his quill pen and made an observation. "Have you ever noticed that women have one pleasure which lasts to the end of their lives?" he said.

"Young and old, they have the same inexhaustible enjoyment of society; and, young and old, they are all alike incapable of understanding a man when he says he doesn't care to go to a party. Even your clever mother thinks you want to go to parties in Canada." He tried his pen, and found it would do—and began his letter.

Seeing his hands at work, Ovid was again reminded of Benjulia's discovery. His eyes wandered a little aside towards the corner formed by the pillar of the chimney-piece and the wall of the room. The big bamboo stick rested there. A handle was attached to it, made of light-colored horn, and on that handle there were some stains. Ovid looked at them with a doctor's practiced eye. They were dry stains of blood. (Had he washed his hands on the last occasion when he used his stick? And had he forgotten that the handle wanted washing, too?)

Benjulia finished his letter and wrote the address. He took up the envelope, to give it to Ovid—and stopped, as if some doubt tempted him to change his mind. The hesitation was only momentary. He persisted in his first intention, and gave Ovid the letter. It was addressed to a doctor at Montreal.

"That man won't introduce you to society," Benjulia announced, "and won't worry your brains with medical talk. Keep off one subject on your side. A mad bull is nothing to my friend if you speak of Vivisection."

Ovid looked at him steadily, when he uttered the last word. Benjulia looked back, just as steadily at Ovid.

At the moment of that reciprocal scrutiny, did the two men suspect each other? Ovid on his side determined not to leave the house without putting his suspicions to the test.

"I thank you for the letter," he began; "and I will not forget the warning."

The doctor's capacity for the exercise of the social virtues had its limits. His reserves of hospitality were by this time near the end.

"Is there anything more I can do for you?" he interposed.

"You can answer a simple question," Ovid replied. "My cousin, Carmina—"

Benjulia interrupted him again: "Don't you think we said enough about your cousin in the Gardens?" he suggested.

Ovid acknowledged the hint with a neatness of retort almost worthy of his mother. "You have your own merciful disposition to blame, if I return to the subject," he replied. "My cousin cannot forget your kindness to the monkey."

"The sooner she forgets my kindness the better. The monkey is dead."

"I am glad to hear it."

"Why?"

"I thought the creature was living in pain."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I heard a moaning—"

"Where?"

"In the building behind your house."

"You heard the wind in the trees."

"Nothing of the sort. Are your chemical experiments ever made on animals?"

The doctor parried that direct attack without giving ground by so much as a hair's breadth.

"What did I say when I gave you your letter of introduction?" he asked. "I said, A mad bull is nothing to my friend, if you speak to him of Vivisection. Now I have something more to tell you. I am like my friend." He waited a little. "Will that do?" he asked.

"Yes," said Ovid; "that will do."

They were as near to an open quarrel as two men could be; Ovid took up his hat to go. Even at that critical moment Benjulia's strange jealousy of his young colleague—as a possible rival in some field of discovery which he claimed as his own—showed itself once more. There was no change in his tone; he still spoke like a judicious friend.

"A last word of advice," he said. "You are traveling for your health; don't let inquisitive strangers lead you into talk. Some of them might be physiologists."

Getting out into the lane again, Ovid looked at his letter to the doctor at Montreal. His first impulse was to destroy it.

As Benjulia had hesitated before giving him the letter, so he now hesitated before tearing it up. Contrary to the usual practice in such cases, the envelope was closed. Under those circumstances, Ovid's pride decided him on using the introduction. Time was still to pass before events opened his eyes to the importance of his decision. To the end of his life he remembered that Benjulia had been near to keeping back the letter, and that he had been near to tearing it up.

CHAPTER XX.

THE wise ancient who asserted that "Time flies" must have made that remarkable discovery while he was in a state of preparation for a journey. When are we the most acutely sensible of the shortness of life? When do we consult our watches in perpetual dread of the result? When does the night steal upon us unawares and the morning take us by surprise? When we are going on a journey.

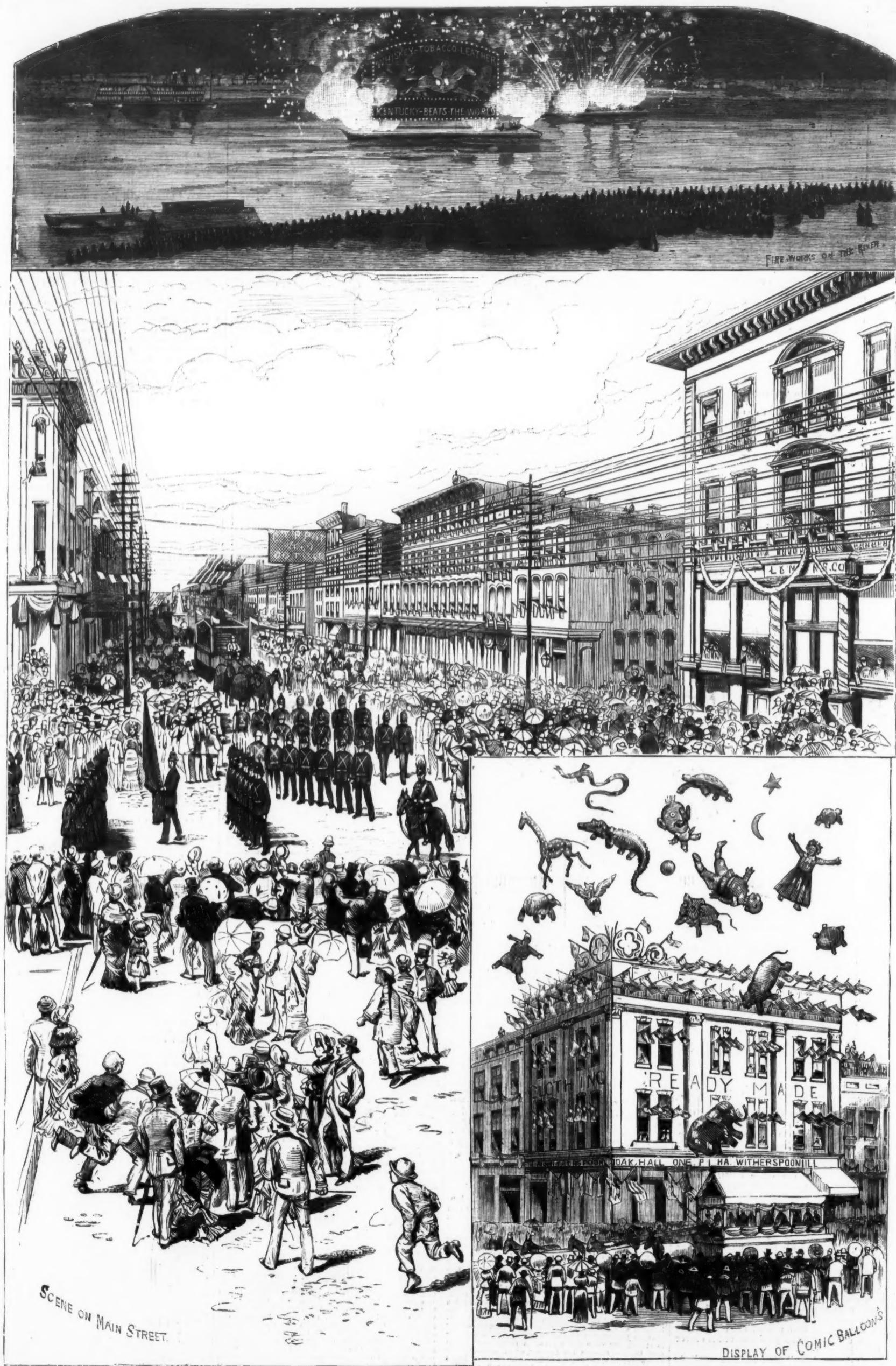
The remaining days of the week went by with a rush. Ovid had scarcely time to ask himself if Friday had really come, before the hours of his life at home were already numbered.

He had still a little time to spare when he returned to Fairfield Gardens late in the afternoon. Finding no one in the library, he went up to the drawing room. His mother was alone, reading.

"Have you anything to say to me before I tell Carmina that you are here?" Mrs. Gallilee put that question quietly, so far as her voice was concerned. But she still kept her eyes on her book. Ovid knew that she was offering him his first and last chance of speaking plainly before he went away. In Carmina's interests he spoke.

"Mother," he said, "I am leaving the one person in the world who is the most precious to me under your care."

"Do you mean," Mrs. Gallilee asked, "that you and Carmina are engaged to be married?"



KENTUCKY.—GRAND CELEBRATION IN LOUISVILLE, SEPT. 12TH, OF THE COMPLETION OF FOUR NEW RAILWAY LINES.
FROM SKETCHES BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 71

THE ELECTRICAL EXPOSITION MEDAL.

We give on this page a *fac-simile* of the bronze medal awarded to American exhibitors by the Paris Electrical Exposition. The medal contains, on one side, a Grecian head, with a laurel wreath, surrounded by the words: "Republique Francaise," and on the obverse side is a laurel

Infantry, Colonel G. W. Moore; the second, \$500, to the Scranton City Guards; and the third, \$250, to Company A, Fifth Maryland National Guard.

During the afternoon the surviving members of the Old Defenders' Association enjoyed their annual dinner at the Mansion House in the Park, with the customary address, toasts and responses. The little company composed: William Batchelor, aged

majesty to the city. As the convoy passed Fort McHenry, it was saluted with a salvo of artillery. At the landing his lordship was received by the military with an artillery salute, the ringing of bells and other demonstrations of welcome, the scene being a very impressive one. A procession had already been formed, and immediately after landing his lordship passed along the line and received a royal salute. He was then escorted to the City Hall, where he was met by the Mayor of the city. Mayor Whyte tendered his lordship the freedom of the city, and delivered to him the keys. The occasion, although dignified, was one of merriment and jest. After the proceedings at the City Hall, Lord Baltimore and party resumed their places in the parade. In addition to a large number of civic societies—including ten orders of Catholic Knighthood in uniform, Knights of Pythias and Odd Fellows—a cavalcade of 200 wagons representing every department of trade and manufacture was in the procession. The parade ended at the Academy of Music in Howard Street, when his lordship held a reception.

The celebration culminated on Thursday, Mystic Day, with the grand night spectacular pageant, comprising thirty-six beautiful tableaux, headed by Lord Baltimore, followed by representations from the Mystic Societies South and West. Then the Historical Division, followed by the great Epic of India, in sixteen of the grandest tableaux ever represented, ending with the grand reception and ball at the Academy of Music. The most striking figure of the whole procession was that of Lord Baltimore astride of a glorious oriole. This float was made from designs furnished by the society

at the great papier-mâche works in New Orleans,

flowers, lilies, ferns and other plants—all wrought

in brilliant colors and grouped with fine effect.

From the rear of these rose a mammoth oak, six

feet in diameter and about twenty feet high.

Midway up the trunk a branch shot outward

and to the front of the float, and sitting on this branch, and directly over his nest,

dependent below, was a gigantic oriole with outstretched wings.

Sitting astride of his chosen bird was Lord Baltimore, who, holding in his hand the charter of Charles I.,

waved a gracious greeting to his loyal subjects as he passed through the city.

His lordship's costume was very gorgeous and complete in every historical detail.

The bonnet and plumes are said to have cost alone over \$200, and the balance of the costume, from the golden-buckled shoes studded with precious stones to the rich and luxurious mantle, was entirely in keeping with the magnificence which was one of the characteristics of Cecilia, Lord Baltimore.

The whole celebra-

tion, which was under the general direction of Major J. H. Behan,

passed off without any

faux pas, and was at-

tended by more visitors than any previous one,

there being a large

number from Galveston, New Orleans, Mo-

ble, and other cities in

the South and West.

SWISS MINISTER
TO THE
UNITED STATES.

THE fact that 32,000 Swiss emigrants landed on our shores during the last year awoke the Swiss Government to the keen importance of establishing high diplomatic relations with this country, and the outcome is Oberst Frey, who has arrived beneath the Stars and Stripes as Minister Plenipotentiary. His Excellency was born at Arlesheim on the 24th of October, 1838, and passed successively through colleges at Basle, Ulm and Jena. In 1860 he visited America, just as the Civil War broke out, and, taking part with the North, he entered a Chicago regiment in June, 1861. Oberst Frey fought gallantly all through the war, suffering privations which his sturdy Alpine constitution enabled him to face with comparative indifference, and at its conclusion retired upon his well-earned laurels with the rank of major. Returning to Switzerland, he plunged into social science and political reform, and became a leader. In 1875 he was elected Vice-President, and in 1876 President of the Swiss National Council, and was also elected president of the Commission on Military Organization. Herr Frey was a warm supporter of the St. Gotthard Tunnel scheme, sagaciously surmising that the indolent Italians would journey into Switzerland if travel was but made easy for them—a forecast that has proved



THE MEDAL AWARDED AMERICAN EXHIBITORS AT THE PARIS ELECTRICAL EXPOSITION.

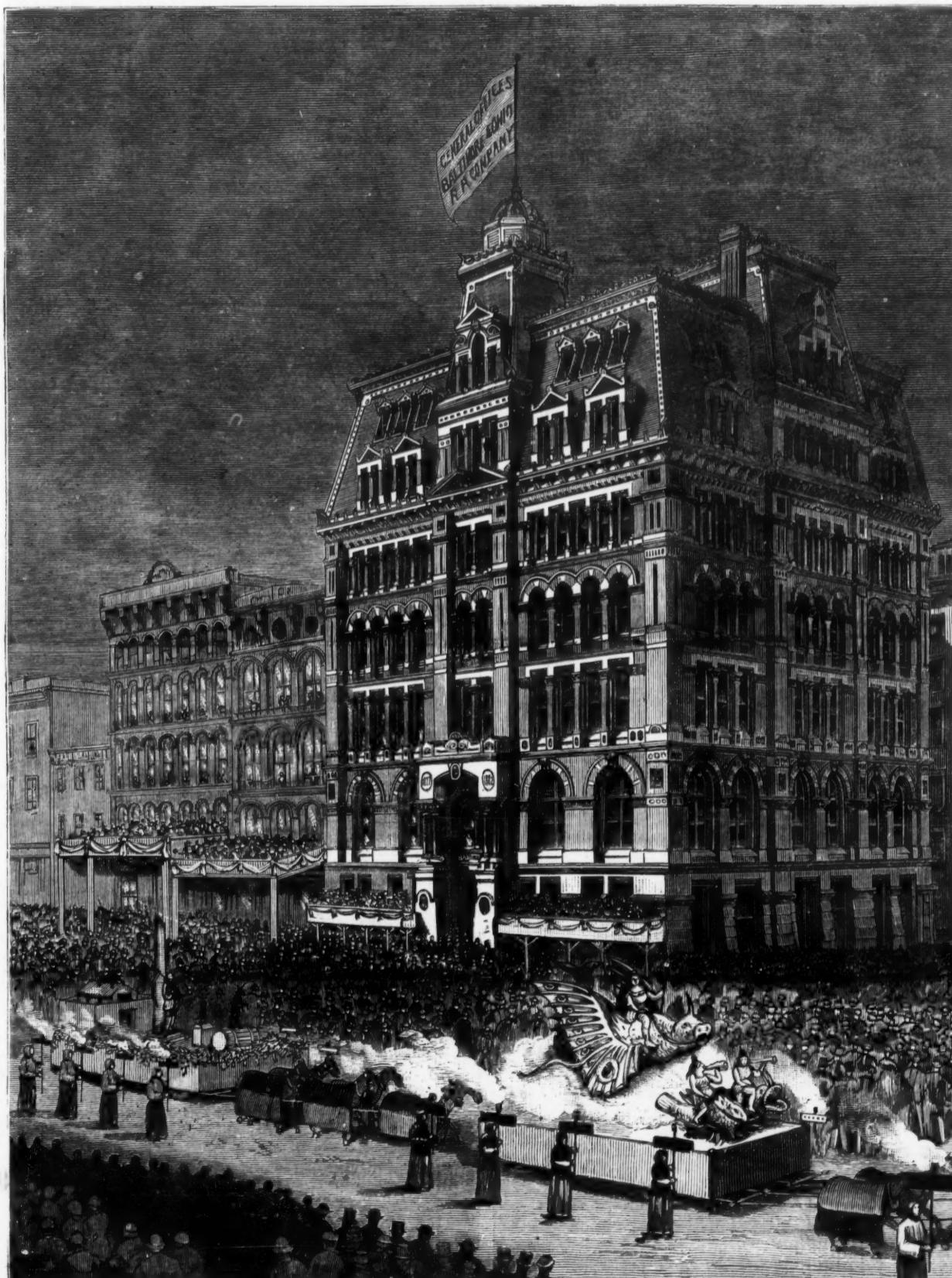
wreath, with a pendant scroll, inclosing the name of the successful exhibitor, surrounded by the words: "Internationale D'Electricité, Paris, 1881." Among the inventions exhibited from this city upon which medals were awarded was the Cumming Periphery Contact for Telegraphs.

THE ORIOLE FESTIVAL IN BALTIMORE.

THE City of Baltimore was given over last week to the celebration of the annual Oriole Festival, a mystic pageant which has already taken rank with the long-famous Mardi Gras of New Orleans. Indeed, the enthusiastic Baltimoreans go as far as to claim that the grand display made in their streets last week surpassed anything ever seen on this side of the Atlantic. Certain it is that the entire success of the festival reflects the greatest credit upon the enterprising city which organized it.

The festival began on Tuesday, the 12th instant, which was the sixty-eighth anniversary of the battle of Long Point, an event that has always been given some observance, and was celebrated this year with more than usual ceremony and display. Many buildings on the principal streets were beautifully decorated, and, although business was not entirely suspended, there was a general holiday. The events of the day were the dedication of a monument in Eutaw Place to Colonel George Armistead, who commanded at Fort McHenry during the bombardment by the British fleet; and a military parade of visiting and citizen soldiers, Union veterans, fire companies, and other organizations. The monument is a square shaft of white marble, fourteen feet six inches high, appropriately inscribed, and surmounted by a globe crowned with flames of glory. On the four corners of the pedestal are marble cannon.

Meanwhile, the military had been forming on Broadway, and about one o'clock the column took up the line of march. Among the participants were companies from Hagerstown and other places in Maryland, Cape May, N. J., Scranton, Pa., Washington, D. C., and Lynchburg, Va. The second division comprised a number of posts of the Grand Army of the Republic; the third, a police battalion of 250 men; and a fourth, the city and county fire department, with a couple of visiting companies. The procession moved along several of the principal streets to the Armistead Monument, where it divided, the military continuing to Druid Hill Park by way of Eutaw Place, while the balance of the column moved to Laurens Street and Linden Avenue, where it was dismissed. Fully 15,000 persons had gathered in the park to witness the competitive drill. The contesting companies were: Company A, Fifth Maryland Regiment; Hagerstown (Md.) Light Infantry; Company A, Scranton (Pa.) Guards; Bond Guards (Md.) and the Washington Light Infantry. The drill occupied over two and a quarter hours, and embraced the manual in open and close order, firings, marching and wheelings in company front, platoon front by sections of fours, and in file. The first prize, \$1,500, was awarded to the Washington Light

MARYLAND.—BALTIMORE'S ORIOLE FESTIVAL—THE PROCESSION PASSING DOWN BALTIMORE STREET ON THE EVENING OF SEPT. 14TH.
THE "PROTEUS" AND "MOBILE" TABLEAUX.

EMIL FREY, COLONEL AND STATE COUNCILOR, FIRST SWISS MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

a success, since the entire republic is now being overrun with the sons and daughters of Italy, Switzerland, in accrediting Herr Frey to the United States, has sent us her very foremost man, one who knows us, and one who has fought and suffered for us. He is welcome!

RECEPTION OF ENGINEER MELVILLE.

THE arrival at this port on the 13th instant of Chief Engineer George W. Melville and the seamen, William Noros and Nindermann, survivors of the *Jeanette* Arctic exploring expedition, and of the party that discovered the dead bodies of Lieutenant De Long and his companions, and Lieutenant Robert M. Berry, of the burned Arctic exploring steamer *Rodgers*, was marked by demonstrations of enthusiasm which must have fully satisfied the hardy explorers that their services in the cause of science and the interest of humanity are heartily appreciated. The party were met in the lower bay by a committee of officers representing the Navy Department, and a committee of the Board of Aldermen, together with the officers of the port and a number of prominent citizens, and escorted to the city with all the honors—Melville especially being the recipient of the most flattering attentions. His meeting with his relatives was most affecting. When he met Captain Wooten, the aged and grief-stricken father-in-law of the late Lieutenant De Long, the latter grasped his hands, and, after saying something in an undertone, wept like a child. Melville steadied himself against the pilot-house, and, covering his face with his brawny hands, seemed thoroughly overcome with emotion. Tears filled the eyes of all who witnessed this scene.

Nindermann and Noros, the seamen who were with Melville, seemed anxious to escape observation. Nindermann is under the medium height. He is strong and rugged. His face was bronzed by exposure, and he wears a long sandy mustache. He wore a dark suit of clothing and a black slouch hat. He is a German. Melville and Noros are both Americans. The latter is a young man of medium height, somewhat fleshy, wears a sandy mustache, and has blue eyes. He wore dark clothing and a black derby hat.

In replying to the formal welcome of the Aldermanic committee, Melville said that he was a New York boy, one who had been brought up in the public schools of this city. He felt that he had a right to say that he and his companions had done their duty. He had been in the Government service for twenty-two years, and had stood many kicks and hard knocks. Then he paused and said, with some feeling: "And I would have stood by my friends if they had stood by me." When asked whether he desired to communicate with the public upon any point of special interest, he said: "No, not at this time. The whole matter—the condition of the *Jeanette*, the trip and the results—is to be investigated by a naval court of inquiry, and I am not allowed to say anything until examined by that court. Then everything will be made plain."

On the 14th, the day after their arrival, Melville and his companions held a reception in the Governor's Room of the City Hall, where a large number of prominent citizens waited upon them. In the evening they were entertained at a banquet at Delmonico's, at which Chief Justice Brady presided, and speeches were made by Mayor Grace, Senator Jones, of Florida, Engineer Melville and others.

The Annual Growth of Trees.

An interesting observation on tree-rings is recorded by Professor Bachelart in *La Nature*. During a visit to the ruins of Palenque, Mexico, in 1859, M. Charnay caused all the trees that hid the facade of one of the pyramids of the palace to be cut down. On a second visit in 1880, he cut the trees that had grown since 1859, and he found that all of them had a number of concentric circles greatly superior to their age. The oldest could only have been twenty-two years of age, but on a section of one of them he counted 250 circles. A shrub, eighteen months old at most, had eighteen concentric circles. M. Charnay found the case repeated in every species, and in trees of all sizes. He concluded that in a hot and moist climate, where nature is never at rest, it may produce, not one circle a year, as with us, but one a month. The age of a monument has often been calculated from that of trees that have grown on its ruins. For Palenque, M. Larainzar calculated 1,700 years, having counted 1,700 rings in a tree. M. Charnay's observation requires the number to be cut down to 150 or 200 years, making a considerable difference.

A Remarkable Swindler.

A FRENCHMAN bought an island off the coast of Australia for about \$350, and announced his intention of founding a New France. The projector called himself a marquis, and succeeded in obtaining subscriptions amounting to 10,000,000 francs from colonists who joined in the expedition. The emigrants sailed in vessels bought with their own money, the "marquis" not accompanying them. When the colonists reached their destination, a desert, and not the rich soil and attractive surroundings promised, greeted them. Hunger and sickness killed many of them, and the rest were brought home by kind shipmasters. The projector meanwhile was organizing new enterprises. It was reported that engineers had found precious stones in the land of New France, and that agriculture was flourishing. More subscriptions poured in. Soon, however, the imposture was discovered. The "marquis" is to be tried for manslaughter, embezzlement, and for enrolling a military command in France—a body of one hundred soldiers who were to guard New France. Two fresh vessels were being equipped at Barcelona when he was arrested.

Facts of Interest.

THE great French railway companies for some time have employed women as ticket and audit clerks, as also have the Credit Foncier and several public companies in France. The Corporation of the City of Paris mean also to employ women in their offices, and three hundred situations are offered.

ACCORDING to a recent return, there are eighty-eight convents, with 2,020 nuns and 546 monks in Switzerland. The property of these foundations is estimated as being worth \$4,000,000.

THE richest man in Mexico is an Irishman named Patricio Milmo, who owns a 400,000 acre farm, and is reputed to be worth \$10,000,000. When he went to Mexico he had not a dollar, but got started by a fortunate marriage. He has been several times captured by brigands and compelled to pay a heavy ransom, so that now he lives in a kind of fortress of his own.

THE surname of Muller, according to the last census of the German Empire, is borne by no fewer than 629,987 Germans.

THERE are seventy-two cotton-seed oil mills in the South. They worked up 200,000 tons of seed last year and produced 7,000,000 gallons of oil, worth \$3,000,000. One-sixteenth of the seed was worked. It is estimated that 98,000,000 gallons could have been made, worth \$50,000,000.

THERE is a kind of dwarf kangaroo in the Staked Plains of Northwestern Texas. Its body is about eight inches long; its forelegs are not more than an inch and a half to two inches in length, while its

hind legs are all of six inches. It has a tail about eight inches long, completely bare except a tuft of long hairs at the end, and a ridge of short hairs on its upper part. It is also a marsupial, the pouch being well developed. It is of a soft blue color. Its only mode of locomotion is by jumping, precisely like the kangaroo. It can jump eight or ten feet.

THE Sutro Tunnel, now completed, discharges 3,000,000 gallons of hot water daily from the Comstock mines. This water has a temperature of 105°, and is conveyed through a closed pipe-flume to prevent the escape of vapor. After a passage of four miles through the first tunnel it loses suddenly 70° of heat. A second tunnel 1,100 feet long and an open waterway a mile and a half long conduct the water to Carson River. Along its course are hot-water baths and laundries, and a plan is on foot to conduct the hot water through pipes under ground to be made available for purposes of irrigation and for supplying artificial heat to hot-houses.

THERE are nine hundred inmates in the Georgia Insane Asylum, and a physician connected with the institution says four-fifths of them were insane from the effects of liquor drank by themselves or their parents.

THERE are no taxes in New Castle, Del., for the support of the local government and schools, William Penn having endowed the town with land which now rents for enough to pay all the municipal expenses.

AN industrious statistician in England has found that out of 139,143 persons of both sexes engaged in literary work of various descriptions, only twelve became lunatics. It is doubtful if any other profession can make an equally favorable showing.

THE Tecumseh (Ala.) iron furnace lately blew out, after continuing in blast over seven years. This is said to be the longest continuous blast ever made by any furnace in the United States.

JOHN M. NILER, a wealthy citizen of Hartford, Conn., who died in 1856, bequeathed \$20,000 in trust to the city, one-half of the income of which was to be devoted to the purchasing of fuel for the Hartford poor, and the balance to be added to the principal until the whole should amount to \$40,000. The fund amounted April 1st to \$40,335, and will supply the coming Winter, more than two hundred poor families with two tons of coal each.

IN consequence of the constant inquiries regarding missing young men from good families in the East, the authorities of Leadville, Col., have introduced the practice of embalming the bodies brought to the city morgue, so as to facilitate identification.

IN the early stages of typhoid fever, Dr. Guillasse, of the French navy, has administered coffee with marked success. Three tablespoonsfuls are given adults every two hours, alternating with one or two teaspoonsfuls of claret or Burgundy wine. A beneficial result is immediately apparent. A little lemonade or citrate of magnesia is also administered daily, and after some time quinine is recommended.

THE oldest printer in the country engaged in the active practice of his trade is probably "Grandpa" Prescott in the composing-room of the Corning (Ia.) Gazette, who at the age of ninety years sets type every working day of the year.

THE restoration of the arms of King George III. on the old State House, at Boston, by the Government of that city, has provoked not a little criticism, since indignant citizens tore down the emblems of royalty when the Declaration of Independence was read there, more than one hundred years ago, and the plea of restoration is by some thought inappropriate in such a case, especially as an expenditure of \$30,000 was required for the work. The Boston Pilot hopes that the arms will be again torn down.

THE British Army Medical Department reports that uniformly black troops suffer much more than white men from the evil influences of tropical climates. For example, in the West Indies, last year, while the mortality among white soldiers was a little more than eight and one half per thousand, the colored men died at the rate of nineteen per thousand.

RUSSIANS employ petroleum successfully upon some of their railways for driving locomotives, using for this purpose the crude naphtha as it comes from the wells. Most of the steamers that ply the Caspian Sea use the liquid fuel, which is very much cheaper than coal. It is consumed with injectors such as are used in this country, and the combustion is regulated with the greatest ease.

FUN.

IT is touch and go with a match.

DAVID DAVIS is said to be more "widely" known than any other Congressman.

WE have forty-six rear admirals under pay. The rear of the navy seems to be well protected.

JULIA WARD HOWE says women do not fall in love any more. Perhaps not, but they continue to have all the symptoms.

THE coat-tail flirtation is the latest. A wrinkled coat-tail bearing dusty toe-marks means, "I have spoken to your father."

GLADSTONE says, "I do not admit that we are at war with any one." England is only making faces at the Pyramids, just for fun.

SOME one claims to have found this legend written in a Leadville church: "Please do not shoot at the organist; he is doing his best."

THE best reason yet advanced for having Monday washing-day, the next day after Sunday, is because cleanliness is next to godliness.

A BALTIMORE belle has married a policeman. His beat was in front of her house for over a year, and she noticed that he never snored.

CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY.—Teacher—"Name the great bays." Small Boy—"Bay of Fundy, Bay of Biscay, Araby." Teacher—"Oh, Pashaw!"

RHODE ISLAND is a little State, and ex-Governor Sprague found it when he rose in rebellion against it. It was a cowardly proceeding on the Governor's part.

OUT West a man is considered nobody unless he has "killed his man." There is where young physicians have the advantage over the average man in migrating West.

A NEW JERSEY town has passed an ordinance requiring all tramps found within its limits to be set to work draining the town. That is just the kind of work a well-regulated tramp is adapted to. He generally begins, however, by "draining" the citizens.

CONSUMPTION no longer an incurable disease. Send to DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 Girard Street, Philadelphia, for their Treatise on COMPOUND OXYGEN, and learn how this disease may be surely arrested and cured. It will be mailed free.

AT Trouville—Mme. de C. to her husband, who comes home at four o'clock in the morning: "At what time did you get in this morning?" "About midnight, dearest, about midnight—a few minutes after, perhaps." "Yes, 240 minutes after I counted them!"

"ROUGH ON RATS." Ask druggists for it. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, vermin. 15 cts.

"USE Redding's Russia Salve."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN INEBRIETY.

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THIS business was established in 1854 by Henry McShane, and is now the largest of its kind in the country. MESSRS. MC SHANE & CO. employ over five hundred hands in their extensive foundries and machine-shops, their great specialty being church-bells made of best ingot copper and East India tin (pure bell metal). Their establishment averages an output of sixty to seventy large church-bells monthly, consuming about 75,000 pounds of copper alone. Bells made by McShane & Co. are in use all over the United States and Canada, also many having been shipped to Africa, the East and West Indies. Amongst their many celebrated musical chimes, the famous one at the Centennial Exhibition (now in use at the Cathedral built by A. T. Stewart on Long Island) is the best known in this country. McShane & Co. were accorded the prize at the Paris Exposition in 1878. They have just completed a chime weighing 14,000 pounds, for Christ's Church, Portsmouth, N. H., and have orders on their books to execute which will require 150,000 pounds of bell-metal. Their display in the Trades Procession was neat and attractive.

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THE OCTOBER NUMBER NOW READY.

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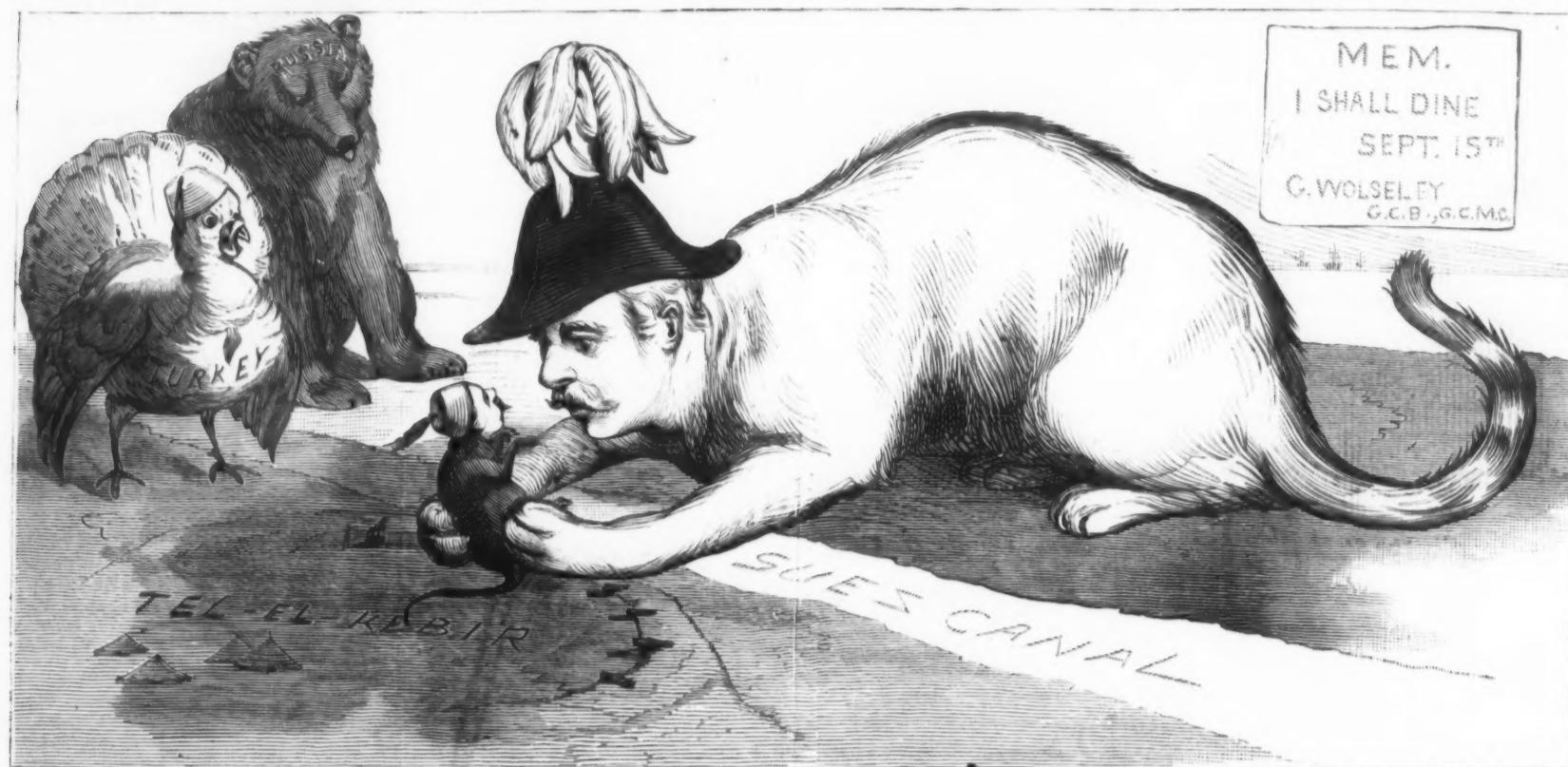
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